The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 76. Vol. XIII. JANUARY, 1898. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* January *will be noticed in the* February *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th February *in the* March *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Professor W. M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen, who has won much fame by his archæological researches, has undertaken to prepare a Life of St. Paul. The work will be on an extensive scale, and will probably be published in two volumes with maps and illustrations. Professor Ramsay proposes soon to go to the East to make additional studies for this work. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to be his publishers. The same firm will issue early in the year a small work by Professor Ramsay, which will probably have the title "Was Christ born at Bethlehem?"

Messrs. Service and Paton will issue, probably in February, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's new novel, which will deal with the marriage of an American heiress to an English aristocrat. Mrs. Atherton will publish another work of fiction later in the year through Mr. John Lane.

We understand that Mr. Kipling proposes to stay in South Africa for four months, and that he means to take a holiday, and do no literary work of any kind. He will be accompanied by his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling.

It has now been arranged that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of stories shall not be published, as at first contemplated, in the spring of next year. The book will be held over until September or October. The volume will contain, amongst other stories, "Bread Upon the Waters," and that delightful "beast" story, "The Maltese Cat." We have always felt that had "The Maltese Cat" been a jungle beast, this story would have taken a very prominent place in one or other of the "Jungle Books."

The report that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has resigned his position in the Post-office is not correct. The step has been urged upon him by literary friends, but Mr. Jacobs does not find that the sober routine of a Government office interferes greatly with his work, as he is not likely to produce more than one book a year. "Many Cargoes" is now in its tenth edition, and "The Skipper's Wooing" has already gone into a second. In America the books have met with rapid success, and both volumes are to be issued in the Tauchnitz Library. Mr. Jacobs will contribute stories to *Harper's* and *McClure's Magazine* next year, besides a series for the *Strand.*

Mr. H. G. Wells has written a prologue for the new edition of "The Invisible Man," which Messrs. Pearson are preparing. He has also re-written considerable portions of "The War of the Worlds," and added a new chapter preparatory to its appearance in volume form. Mr. Heinemann is printing a first edition of ten thousand copies. In the intervals of writing his new scientific romance, Mr. Wells is working on a novel which he has had on the stocks now for nearly two years. It is in the vein of "The Wheels of Chance," but with the important difference that whereas the latter book was written from week to week to meet the requirements of serial publication, in the new novel Mr. Wells has been able to follow what he once told an interviewer was his ideal—spend a year on a book, burn it at the end, and devote another twelve months to re-writing it.

"Martin Ross and E. Somerville," whose little novel, "The Silver Fox," is hailed by the *Daily Chronicle* as "the best piece of fiction of this year or last," are two young Irish ladies who live in County Cork. They are keen sportswomen, and have been brought up among the fox-hunting, horsey squires and farmers of whom they write with such convincing skill. They are the joint authors of "The Real Charlotte," "Naboth's Vineyard," and other successful books. Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen will publish a volume of their short stories in the spring, and a sporting novel from their pen will be published serially.

Mr. Edwin Pugh has just passed for press the proofs of his new book, "Tony Drum." It is the biography of a cockney boy. It will, of course, suggest "Sentimental Tommy," but with the choice of subject all resemblance ends. Mr. Pugh has brought pathos and humour into his work, but the pathos and humour are his own, and the whole thing is so striking and original that it will probably surprise even his admirers. The book is likely to captivate popular taste as none of Mr. Pugh's former work has done.

In one of the many albums that the Queen possesses there is a poem that is taken from a little volume entitled "The Inner Life." This poem is such a favourite with Her Majesty that she has commissioned Sir Arthur Sullivan to set it to music. Mrs. Massey, the author of the poem in question, has of course readily given her consent, and has asked the Queen's acceptance of another volume from her pen. Mrs. Massey is the wife of a clergyman who holds a living in Norfolk.

The *Star* has engaged Dr. Conan Doyle to write an original story for the birthday number of the paper, to be published on January 12th. The *Star* will then have completed its tenth year. The story is entitled "The Confession," and pictures a romantic chapter of convent life.

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Amongst the authors who have exchanged the sunshine of the Riviera for London fog are Mr. Henry Seton Merriman and Mr. W. L. Alden. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Boothby have just returned to town after a very pleasant trip to Cairo and up the Nile.

Early in January Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish the most important contribution that has ever been made to the elucidation of a single period in the life of Burns. This is the correspondence between the poet and the friend and patron of the last ten years of his life, Mrs. Frances Wallace Dunlop. A considerable number of Burns' letters were handed over to his biographer, Currie, and have been included in all lives of the poet and all editions of his prose works.

Mrs. Dunlop kept back, however, between thirty and forty of her friend's epistles, and only allowed the remainder to be published on condition of all her own being returned to her. Recently the unpublished letters of both were acquired from Mrs. Dunlop's descendants by Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, New York, and are about to be published with ample elucidations by Mr. William Wallace, editor of the latest issue of Robert Chambers' "Life and Works of Robert Burns." We understand that the letters of the poet which are now about to see the light for the first time are of very great value. They throw a flood of light upon he last years of Burns' life, and indicate among other things that a serious effort was made to secure for him a position as a professor in Edinburgh University. They also state Burns' views upon religion with a precision which is not to be found in the letters that have hitherto been published. They also put in a new and unexpected light the "desertion" of Burns by his correspondent.

Mrs. Dunlop's letters, about a hundred in number, are also intensely interesting. They will show how little of a "patroness" and how very much of a devoted friend she was. At the same time she was a merciless critic; indeed, her letters constitute the one body of contemporary criticism of Burns which exists. They are also so full of references to the history of the time, and even of its literature, that Mr. Wallace's annotations, and an introduction in which he deals at length with the Wallace and Dunlop families, both represented by Burns' correspondent, form about a third of the volume. Mrs. Dunlop's letters also clear up many mysterious allusions in biographies of Burns, and rectify numerous mistakes which have been made by his editors, from Currie to Messrs. Henley and Henderson.

The news department of *Literature* is in the hands of Mr. Egan Mew, who recently published a book of poems with Mr. Redway. Mr. Mew sends circulars round to authors asking them to give their opinion about themselves, their projects, and any personal literary incidents, and he has already met with a large response.

Readers evidently prefer very much to have their stories complete. Mr. Stevenson's "St. Ives" is by no means so able a book as "Weir of Hermiston," yet it has been singularly successful in book form, with the continuation by Mr. Quiller Couch. We understand that 20,000 copies have already been sold.

The sale of "The Christian" is almost as rapid as ever. No colonial edition has as yet been published.

We understand that the circulation of our contemporary *Literature* is still well above 10,000. It may be noted that the circulation of the first number of the *Academy* published by Mr. Murray was 21,000. The circulation of the early numbers of *Literature* was very considerably larger.

The *Daily Telegraph* always keeps at least six hundred memoirs ready set in the event of the death of celebrities. A short time ago the stock of these memoirs was allowed to run down, and is now being replenished by the members of the staff. Mr. Traill is engaged upon the statesmen, Mr. Clement Scott upon the dramatists, Mr. Beatty-Kingston upon the composers, Mr. Bennett upon the musicians, Mr. Courtney upon the literary, and Mr. Claude Phillips upon the artistic celebrities of the day.

Mrs. Mannington Caffyn's "Poor Max," at present running serially in the *Lady's Pictorial*, will, we understand, be issued in book form by her publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., in the early part of the New Year.

The scene of Mr. Rider Haggard's recently completed story, "Elissa," is laid in the centre of Africa about 3,000 B.C. The serial rights in the story have been purchased by the proprietors of a new weekly, the first number of which it is expected will see the light in the early part of February next.

At the suggestion of the editor of the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, Mr. Bret Harte has recently completed the manuscript of an autobiographical sketch, entitled "How I Went to the Mines."

Mr. Frank R. Stockton is writing a new serial story for publication in one or other of Messrs. Harper and Bros'. weekly periodicals. It is at present entitled "The Associate Hermits," and will, we understand, be published simultaneously in a London weekly.

Mr. W. C. Scully, the author of "Kaffir Stories," is at present on his way over to this country. It may not be generally known that Mr. Scully is a resident magistrate in an up-country district of Cape Colony.

We hear that both Mr. Marion Crawford and Mr. Anthony Hope are having more than usually successful lecturing tours in the United States. Indeed, Mr. Anthony Hope's departure from the States has been postponed, and although when he left London he anticipated being back again about the first week in January, he is not now expected to be back until the last week in January or the first week in February.

We hear that Colonel F. R. Wingate is at present in Cairo, and although his duties at the front will probably not allow him a very long holiday, it is more than probable that he will take the opportunity of completing the revision of his "Mahdism and the Sudan," a matter which has occupied his attention off and on for some considerable time.

Miss Ada Cambridge has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel entitled "Mater Familias." The story will be published in book form both in this country and in the United States of America early in the New Year.

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We understand that the sales of Mr. S. R. Crockett's new book for children, "Sir Toady Lion," are, considering the time it has been before the public, far ahead of the very large numbers which were sold of his ever delightful and popular "Sweetheart Travellers."

The Life of the late Lady Fry, by Miss Eliza Orme, M.A., LL.B., will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

We have got to the end of the Diamond Jubilee year, a year that will long be remembered by all connected with the book trade for the remarkable stagnation that fell almost of a sudden and lasted many months. Why the Diamond Jubilee should have had this effect nobody can exactly tell. It influenced periodical literature also in an unfavourable way, but it was upon books that its effect was mainly felt. Even special Jubilee publications were in many cases failures. In the autumn things brightened, but were not completely normal. Still, there has been a very fair demand for the best books, and a good many firms are not, on the whole, dissatisfied with the results of the year, and are looking forward hopefully to next year as likely to be a better one. We believe this will be the case both in the books published and in their sale, unless we are visited by another depression of trade.

The Authors' Society have reported strongly and even bitterly against the proposal of the publishers to enforce a twopenny discount. With all respect for the members of the Committee it is somewhat to be regretted that a private conference of authors was not held. We have previously suggested that this should be done in connection with important matters. As matters stand the Committee of the Society of Authors is self-elected. The members have no opportunity of making their opinions known except at the annual meeting, which is unsuitable for such a purpose. What is to be regretted in the report is the want of sympathy shown for the booksellers, who are labouring under a very real and crushing grievance, and the suspicious attitude adopted towards publishers. It is even suggested, although not in the report, that the publishers had in view a combination to reduce the royalties of authors to ten and even five per cent. Nobody who knows anything of the trade could believe this to be possible. The publishers know perfectly well that if any such combination was attempted it would immediately lead to the appearance of new publishers, and to authors publishing their books for themselves. It is to be regretted also that it has been suggested that authors should start publications for themselves, and distribute through drapers. Undoubtedly it is in the interest of authors and publishers alike to do their very best for the struggling booksellers. As for the scheme of the Publishers' Association, it was manifest from the first that there would be great difficulties. The booksellers themselves were not unanimous, and some of the chief among them were prepared to hold out. It was felt also that the attempt to enforce a law was unusual, and that tradesmen had a right to sell their goods at any price they pleased. Even if the system had been attempted it would almost certainly have broken down. The public also had a right to their say in the matter. They are not fond of buying books, and certainly have shown no particular inclination to pay more for them than they are doing at present. The probability is that if any practical steps had been taken they would have rallied to the malcontents in a very marked way.

We should be sorry to consider that the question is closed. Some other plan must be found, a plan upon which the booksellers are unanimous. The publishers, we have reason to believe, continue deeply impressed with the seriousness of the situation, and are eager to find some practical remedy. We wonder, for our part, that some leading publishers do not combine to make sure that a stock of their books is to be seen in every large town in the country. They ought to be placed where people can view the new books without being badgered to purchase them. If some steps are not taken in that direction a great number of books will never come before the public at all to the certain injury of authors and publishers, and the possible injury of the public.

In spite of the large number of books published this autumn, many are still held over for the spring, and the spring publishing season will probably be an unusually active one.

Messrs. Service and Paton will publish during the spring, by arrangement with an American house, a new volume of addresses by the late Dr. Phillips Brooks.

The author of "The Gadfly," a novel which has attracted deserved attention, is, we understand, a lady.

We have received the latest issue of "American Book Prices Current," published by Dodd, Mead, and Co., of New York. Many living English authors figure, especially Mr. Lang, to whose works four pages are devoted. "Ballads in Blue China," the first edition, comes first at twenty-four dollars, and it is followed by "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," at nineteen dollars. Mr. Hardy also appears, but not in his rarer examples. The highest price is for the first edition of "Two on a Tower," nine dollars seventy-five cents. The first edition of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," a fine example, is only twelve dollars and a half. Lowell's book, "A Year's Life," in the original boards, published in Boston in 1841, is priced at twenty-eight dollars, and his wife's poems, the first edition, privately printed, at thirty-seven dollars. Longfellow's rare work, "Miscellaneous Poems," selected from the United States *Literary Gazette*, and published at Boston in 1826, commands twenty-seven dollars. The first edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with some leaves loose and soiled, brought twenty dollars. The impression left upon us on the whole is that the prices are generally fairly good, but in very few cases indeed are they extravagant.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore holds to a considerable extent his place in the favour of the reading public, and the sales of his latest book have been larger than might be easily believed. Among novelists of his period he undoubtedly sells best.

It is announced that Max Müller's volume of Reminiscences, reprinted from *Cosmopolis*, will be called "Auld Lang Syne." This recalls the title of Ian Maclaren's second book, "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." A novel was pub-

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lished a good many years ago by Mr. Clark Russell under the title "Auld Lang Syne." It is not probable that either Ian Maclaren or Mr. Clark Russell will do anything to prevent Professor Müller's use of the title.

The story goes that an enterprising American magazine editor lately instructed his English representative to obtain, through the Archbishop of Canterbury, "a live, brainy article" on Home-life in the Vatican from the Pope.

Mr. Wilson, who is collaborating with Lord Charles Beresford in the important book, "Nelson and His Times," writes to us with reference to the paragraph on the subject that appeared in our December issue. The hundred unpublished letters referred to in our note have been consulted, and several passages from them have been quoted, but limits of space have prevented their being given in full.

Very special praise should be given to the article on Smollett in the new volume of the Dictionary of National Biography by Mr. Thomas Seccombe. It is not too much to say that it is a masterpiece of learning, critical ability, and literary art. Good as some of the other articles in the same volume are, there is none of them to be compared with this one. Mr. Seccombe is a welcome addition to the front rank of critics.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

NOVEMBER 22ND TO DECEMBER 18TH, 1897.

Within a week of the commencement of the period indicated above, the busy time, the bookseller's harvest (or one of the harvests) began in good earnest. The bulk of trade should compare favourably with previous years, but the marked absence of the usual number of costly illustrated books may modify the anticipated result to a certain extent. Further, many important publications have been late in their appearance owing to a strike of printers and other causes. So much for the home trade. Business with abroad goes on merrily, and is well sustained. The South African market is becoming a very important one indeed.

One of the prominent features of the Christmas publishing season is the paucity of children's books with coloured illustrations, and of religious works. No doubt, in the former case, the excellence of the various "process" illustrations renders colours unnecessary.

The 6s. novel still maintains its important position, and enormous quantities are sold daily. "The Christian" is still the favourite, followed at a respectful distance by "The Beth Book," "In Kedar's Tents," and "At the Cross Roads."

The beautiful reprints, with illustrations, of such books as "Mansfield Park," "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," have been in considerable demand.

One cannot help noting the large numbers of Fairy Tale Books that have been disposed of during the present season. Evidently childhood has not lost its love of romance.

The craze for children's books illustrated with delineations of oddities of a most grotesque kind still continues. Hundreds, if not thousands, of the "Bad Child's Book of Beasts" have been sold during the last few weeks. This work has many rivals (from a trade point of view, criticism's mouth being stopped in this column) but no equal.

Among more important and permanent literature may be mentioned "Tennyson's Life" and Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India."

Year-Books now form an important line in the bookseller's trade. "Hazell's Annual" and "Whitaker's Almanack" may here be noted as examples.

There is still a good sale for books upon naval and military subjects, and histories of colonization. Fitchett's "Deeds that Won the Empire" is a favourite in this class.

The sale of magazine literature seems greater than ever, some of the issues each month being several tons in weight. The principal ones are Cassell's various magazines, the Religious Tract Society's magazines, *Strand*, *Pearson's*, *Pall Mall*, *Woman at Home*, *Windsor Magazine*, *Chambers' Journal*, etc., etc.

The list of books appended has been selected with great care, and may be taken as a fair index to the public taste. Several titles have appeared before, a somewhat uncommon event in these days of short-lived books. The order of the titles has no significance.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Beth Book. By Sarah Grand. 6s.
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montresor. 6s.
Captains Courageous. By R. Kipling. 6s.
The Jungle Book, and similar Books. By R. Kipling. 6s.
The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s.
Highways and Byways in Devon. By A. H. Norway. 6s.
Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d.
The Story of the Red Deer. By J. W. Fortescue. 4s. 6d.
The New Book of the Fairies. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
The Pink Fairy Book. By A. Lang. 6s.
The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.
Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels. 2s. edition.
With Frederick the Great. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
With Moore at Corunna. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
The March on London. By G. A. Henty. 5s.
Lochinvar. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The School for Saints. By J. O. Hobbes. 6s.
Paul Mercer. By Adderley. 6s.
The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s.
The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s.
Deeds that Won the Empire. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s.
Founded on Paper. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
Wayfaring Men. By Edna Lyall. 6s.
Adventures of John Johns. By F. Carrel. 6s.
His Grace of Osmonde. By F. H. Burnett. 6s.
Fire and Sword in the Soudan. By R. Slatin. 6s.
More Tramps Abroad. By Mark Twain. 6s.
Tennyson's Life. 36s. net.
Forty-One Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 36s.
The Bad Child's Book of Beasts. 2s. 6d.
Lullaby Land. By E. Field. 6s.
Life and Letters of J. B. Dykes. 7s. 6d.
Laughter of Peterkin. By F. Macleod. 6s.
Nights with an Old Gunner. By C. J. Cornish. 6s.
Book of Verses for Children. By E. V. Lucas. 6s.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Nov. 27, 1897.—A good steady trade during the week, lighter towards the close. Trade with abroad very active.
Dec. 4, " —A busier week throughout, many important works appearing. Foreign and colonial trade still good.
" 11, " —The busy time has now set in, and work is being carried on at a high pressure. Export trade a shade lighter.
" 18, " —The pressure still continues, and a very extensive trade is being done. Foreign and colonial departments well occupied.

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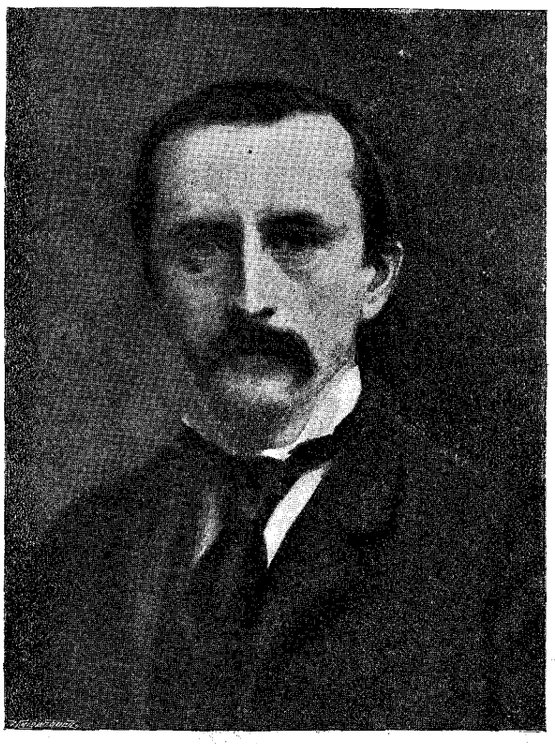
THE READER.

MR. J. M. BARRIE AS A DRAMATIST.

By EDWARD MORTON.

THE first time Mr. Barrie's name appeared in a playbill was as joint author with Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson of a drama which was performed six or seven years ago at the Criterion Theatre for one day only. It has not been heard of from that day to this, and Mr. Marriott-Watson, turning his back upon the theatre, has since then appeared before the public only in print. There are only slight traces of Mr. J. M. Barrie, the successful dramatist of to-day, either in the style or the subject of "Richard Savage." This was a highly romantic drama, in which the authors, with the audacity of inexperience, which defies the greatest difficulties, undertook to present historical personages on the stage — Savage and Steele, and Jacob Tonson, and the notorious Countess of Macclesfield. But there was no pretence to historical accuracy, and Mr. W. E. Henley, who wrote a prologue for the occasion, anticipated objections on that account by the ingenuous admission that Richard Savage

> "stands or falls,
> Not as dead Nature, but as living Art."



From Photo by J. M. BARRIE. [*Barraud.*

The authors settled the domestic affairs of Richard Savage in the spirit of romance. A rascally military officer, Colonel Jocelyn, plots to carry off the poet in order to prevent him from meeting his mother, whose feelings towards her abandoned son (using the term in more senses than one) are the reverse of those by which she is commonly supposed to have been actuated. Dick discovers his enemy by a trick, which is certainly contrived by the authors with dramatic effect. With a thrust of his sword he had wounded his masked captor in the shoulder, and the only clue he has to the discovery of his enemy is a Spanish imprecation uttered by Jocelyn. This strange oath Savage hears again at the Kit-Cat Club—from which the women of the play are not at all rigorously excluded—and nothing will satisfy the overbearing Savage but that all the members should pass in procession before him. This is the dramatic moment of the play. When he touches Jocelyn's sore shoulder the Colonel betrays himself by his bad habit of swearing in Spanish, and a duel, which takes place between the acts, is the issue of the scene. The last act passes on the day that Richard Savage is to be married to the daughter of Sir Richard Steele, who has apparently more consideration and affection for the poet than he has for his own child. The bridegroom enters Steele's drawing-room with his arm bandaged, and when he faints they do not send for a doctor—they never do on the stage—but assume that the unhappy man is dead. Thus Savage overhears the truth that his bride has consented to marry him to please her father rather than herself. This is a sacrifice the poet will not accept, and instead of saying so, he removes the bandage from his arm. "What said the surgeon?" he says, by way of explanation to the audience. "'If the bandage be removed he will bleed to death in a few minutes.' 'Tis all I can do for them. Come death." *(Takes off bandages.)* Death comes at his call, and so ends the play. Neither as a piece of literary work nor as dramatic composition does "Richard Savage" rank above the ordinary novelist's play; but one does not look in vain for touches of the authors' talent. If one may venture to dissociate one from the other, I should say that one catches sight of Mr. Marriott-Watson in the speech in which Richard Savage describes his journey through the beautiful country, with his wounds crying "vengeance" as he dragged his way home through Surrey; and I think one gets a glimpse of that alert faculty of invention which is one of the charms of Mr. Barrie's later work for the stage, in the scene in which Steele frees two lovers from an irksome engagement to marry, from which both are eager to be released, and leaves each disposed to think the other has been called upon to make a sacrifice.

Within a few weeks of the production of this drama in the heavy style, Mr. Barrie started as a dramatist on his own account with a witty burlesque, called "Ibsen's Ghost," in which the famous Scandinavian dramatist was jocularly satirised. The skit, which was but an amplification of an article contributed by Mr. Barrie to a weekly review, derived none of its fun from the personal caricature presented by Mr. J. L. Toole, who was "made up" in the likeness of Dr. Ibsen. Mr. Barrie's satire contained, at least, one compliment to the author he ridiculed, for it implied the audience's intimate acquaintance with the dramas of Dr. Ibsen. In "Becky Sharp," which came later, Mr. Barrie reproduced, word for word, the language of Thackeray without reviving the spirit of "Vanity Fair," and in this little piece the author of "Walker, London," "The Professor's Love Story," and "The Little Minister"—three plays upon which Mr. Barrie has solidly established his reputation as a dramatist—gave no more sign of a great talent for the theatre than one may find in Mr. Pinero's first pieces.

With the production of "Walker, London," in 1892, Mr. Barrie's career as a dramatist may be said to have begun in earnest. It was as if he had suddenly obtained a complete mastery of the technics of the stage, for here was a play in which the action was so severely circumscribed that the only scene was a house-boat on the Thames. Yet the author moved

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his characters on and off—the most difficult detail of the construction of a play—in an easy, natural manner. It is, as a rule, a mistake for a dramatist to keep a secret from his audience, who can always enjoy the mystification of the people on the stage, but are only irritated when they are not themselves in the mystery. Now the significance of the title "Walker, London" was, till the very end of the play, a puzzle to the audience; yet it was a better title for the piece than "The Houseboat," as I believe it was to have been called, till it was discovered that a piece of that name already existed. Just as Jasper Phipps, who has been passing himself off as a distinguished African traveller, leaves the house-boat, the artful rascal gives his telegraphic address—"Walker, London." That is the first, and the last, reference to the title; but it explains everything. Jasper Phipps is a barber, newly married, who goes off alone on his honeymoon from motives of economy. By pretending to have rendered a service to one of the ladies of a water party, he assures himself a welcome on a house-boat. He soon becomes the hero of the party by reason of a fancied resemblance to an explorer whose name and exploits he promptly claims for his own. The barber is worshipped on the house-boat; he is pressed to speak of his daring deeds, and his persistent efforts to avoid the subject are attributed, of course, to modesty. Passages from the traveller's own books are recalled, but the impostor shrinks from the praises of his friends, and waves them off with the remark, "Oh, it's nothing!" He is indirectly the cause of the estrangement of the young people, and before the susceptible barber is aware of it, he finds himself making a declaration of love, first to one young lady, then to another. His wife traces her husband to the house-boat, from which all the party, including the counterfeit explorer, are absent when she arrives. Sarah decides to wait for him. So she offers herself a seat on the roof of the house-boat. I really forget exactly how she was kept from the sight of the others; I have a hazy idea that Jasper Phipps held the roof against all comers. But it is as difficult after a time to remember the precise details of a play as it is to recall the sequence of a dream. I only know that she was spirited away from the house-boat by being dropped into a punt by means of a pulley, and that the unabashed Jasper Phipps lost no time in following her.

Readers of Mr. Barrie's published works will have recognised his wonderful sympathetic understanding of the nature of the small boy, and I imagine that it was he who invented the page-boy Caddie, of the comic opera, "Jane Annie; or, The Good Conduct Prize," which is his next work for the stage, in the order of time if not in the order of merit. There is, I feel, a certain impropriety in making such conjectures when two writers are united in authorship, but I intend no disrespect to Dr. Conan Doyle, who was joint author with Mr. Barrie of "Jane Annie," in saying that Mr. Barrie's own peculiar humour was as distinct in this one character, as it was again, in my opinion, in the quaint marginal notes (supposed to have been written by the boy) in the printed book of the opera. Caddie, the page-boy at the seminary "for the little things that grow into women," was a delight; but apart from Caddie—Caddie lording it over the whole school; Caddie defying a detachment of lancers; Caddie kissing the boots of the young lady he adores—my recollections after five years of the "Savoy opera" by these two accomplished authors are few and faint. It is only for the purpose of making complete this record of Mr. Barrie's work as a dramatist that I have recalled it.

In "The Professor's Love Story," which came just a year later, the agreeable qualities of "Walker, London" were again conspicuous—the quiet humour, the lively fancy, the honest sentiment, the pure fun, and the literary distinction. It was a pretty play; and it was much more than that, for although it excited no violent emotions, there was a depth of feeling in the story of the Professor's love for Lucy White which touched the soft place in the heart of the audience. Miss Lucy, the amanuensis of the Professor, had become more indispensable to her employer's happiness than he had realised. The Professor is supposed to be ill, and nobody can say what ails him. He is prevailed upon to leave his books for a while; to try fresh air; and he agrees to take a holiday in Scotland—but Lucy, he insists, must accompany him. In Scotland Professor Goodwillie throws off all his cares; he romps with Lucy in the hay-field, and is utterly insensible to the blandishments of the lady who designs to become his wife. Only the doctor—and Miss Lucy—can understand the Professor's case. A second doctor, who thinks that "Cherchez la femme!" is the name of a disease, introduces the disturbing element of farce into the comedy; and even in farce such a joke could hardly be allowed to pass without protest. It was a positive shock to find Mr. Barrie condescending to such feeble humour. This inclination to farce, which takes Mr. Barrie at odd moments—it may be detected even in his latest play, "The Little Minister"—is the one fault I remember in a piece which was full of beautiful things. The Professor, who is made merry and sad by turns by his devotion to Lucy, and is rejuvenated by love, is a delightful, sympathetic character, conceived and elaborated with a nice appreciation, but with no exaggeration, of theatrical effect. Lucy, too, is no ordinary heroine of romance; and if some of the minor characters—especially Dr. "Cherchez la femme"—were but stage figures, the field-labourers Henders and Pete, one dull-witted and the other ower canny, were two of the most life-like characters ever introduced incidentally into a play. These two cautious Scots, rivals in love, might have stepped out of one of Mr. Barrie's books straight on to the stage.

The characters of Mr. Barrie's latest play, "The Little Minister," now being performed at the Haymarket Theatre, are avowedly taken from his novel of the same name, and the great feat, for once, has been accomplished of making a really good play out of a really good novel. In preparing the novel for the stage, Mr. Barrie was in the position of Wolfe at Quebec. He had "the choice of difficulties." In making a play out of the novel, either dramatic proportion had to be ignored or the details of the story had to be very much changed. The first course was the way to inevitable failure; the second has proved the high road to success. Mr. Barrie has very properly considered the differences between writing for the reader and writing for representation on the stage; he has realised, with a sure

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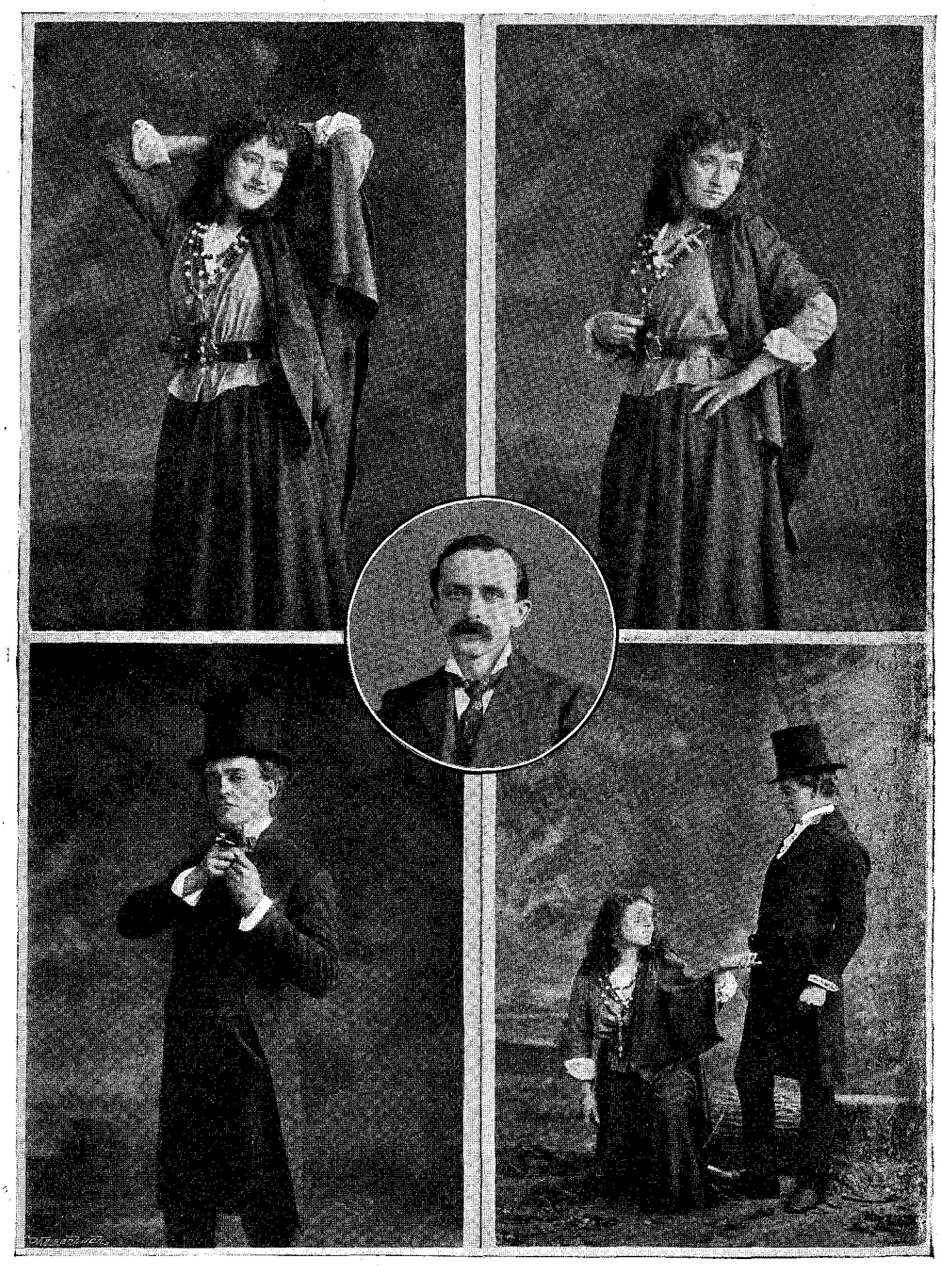
sense of dramatic effect, the value of suggestion, of concentration, and of preparation—the difference, in effect, between the novel and the play.

In the drama, the courtship of Babbie by the Rev. Gavin Dishart begins and ends within the space of a week; and the marriage of the Little Minister is brought about by a brilliant "coup de théâtre." The character of the provoking, impulsive, mischievous, mocking, bewitching Babbie remains the same in all its attributes. For the purpose of the play, however, the heroine is no longer "The Egyptian," but the daughter of an earl masquerading as a gipsy. She is now Lady Babbie Yuill—a surname, it may be mentioned in passing, which was given to a lady of title in Mr. Barrie's very first work for the theatre.

As a play, "The Little Minister" stands on its own merits as a notable contribution to the dramatic literature of our time. It is dramatic, and it is literature. The art which has raised Mr. Barrie to eminence among the novelists of our time, is shown in such an exquisite, natural scene, pervaded by a sense of homeliness, as the meeting in Nanny Webster's cottage, where the designing Babbie is discovered by the unsophisticated Mr. Dishart at the hand-loom. The dramatist comes out, not only in the conduct of this scene of comedy, but in the cunning with which he takes up his story and fits it naturally into a scene which hardly seemed essential to the progress of the action. The play is full of surprises—surprises at every turn and twist of the action, and surprises in the witty dialogue, which contributes by dramatic significance to the development of character and action. Of the sixteen characters, more or less important, there is not one that is not clearly defined. The four elders of the kirk, who assert their authority not less firmly than the Little Minister asserts his, are differentiated, one from the other, with fine artistic delicacy; and there is a touch of genius in the way in which the character of the domestic Jean is indicated in a mere sentence. Not only the character of Jean, but the life and manners of the community in which she lives, are brought out in a flash,



From Photo by] MISS WINIFRED EMERY AND MR. CYRIL MAUDE IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER." [*Barraud.*

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when Jean is invited to gossip about the Minister's affairs on her road to church, and she pursues her way stiffly, merely tossing the remark to Snecky, "I can neither hear nor see. I am wearing my best alpaca." And is there not a complete story in Jean's few words, when she hears that Gavin Dishart has married Lord Rintoul's daughter, and she is to be "a ladyship's servant"? "Are you there?" she calls to a man in the crowd, and when the swain advances, she tells him with all the pride of place, "Then there's my answer now. It's hopeless." Till that moment we knew nothing of the man. But there, in a line, we have the story of the importunate lover and the heartless fair.

It is in such touches that Mr. Barrie excels, but he is no miniaturist in the drama, and the subtlety and finish of his work on the larger scale are not less remarkable. Simplicity, humour, and purity are the invariable characteristics of his writing, of his plays and of his books. But his simplicity lies not in the suppression of essentials, but in the absence of the superfluous, and his humour, which has a quality of its own—something like the smack of a quince—is never cruel, but always humane. There is what Leigh Hunt called "the laughter of the mind" in his mirth. His contributions to the stage are marked by taste and tact—the one implies the other, perhaps—and that he does not look upon life from "a window in Thrums" is evinced by the extent and variety of his work, as it has passed here under review.

To the elevation of the drama, of which so much has been heard in our day, no writer has contributed more than Mr. J. M. Barrie. None has placed his fellow creatures under greater obligations for sane, pleasant, memorable entertainment.

ELLEN NUSSEY: A REMINISCENCE.

By Lady Morrison.

ON the morning of Friday, the 26th of November, 1897, there passed away, in the seclusion of her quiet Yorkshire home, Miss Ellen Nussey, the life-long friend of Charlotte Brontë, and the chief, if not sole, personal link existing in connection with that gifted family. As a matter of incidental interest, Charlotte Brontë was born on the 21st of April, 1816—Ellen Nussey on the 20th of April, 1817, thus showing the very slight disparity between the ages of the two. Charlotte Brontë died at the age of 38—Ellen Nussey had completed her 80th year.

And, not in frailty or feebleness has she departed now. Her spirit was strong within her; her name was honoured and revered—especially in those districts surrounding her home, where it was loved and known—and her heart, with unfaltering affection and deep love for the friends of her youth, beat, up to the last, with a loyal devotion that knew no diminution and no change.

For more than ten years I have had the privilege of knowing Miss Nussey, and from almost the first day of my introduction to her I have been honoured with her close and confidential friendship.

Hers was, in truth, a distinct personality, and with her death I realise only too well that a living interest has passed out of my life.

I recall, as I write, the many pleasant visits which I have paid to her in her quaint old-fashioned home. In the hall, as I enter, I see her coming to meet me—gracious, affectionate, benign; one "whose deeds of mercy are the jewels that she wears"; who, with the simple courtliness which was always hers, draws me, not only into the warmth and cosiness of her sunny drawing-room, but also into the sympathy and the sanctuary of her own heart.

In person Ellen Nussey was not striking, but she was sprightly, attractive—coquettish, no doubt, in her younger days—and intelligent; her manners charming; every word and gesture bearing emphatically the stamp of truth; while her voice, mellowed and modulated to a peculiarly gentle cadence, was exceedingly pleasant to hear.

I have often sat beside her, and heard with unfeigned

From Photo by] MISS NUSSEY. *[Sachs, Bradford.*

interest her sparkling talk about the Brontë family; have heard her relate incidents and anecdotes in the lives of the sisters, which seemed to me better than any information to be gathered from books; and I recall the unabated affection and zest with which she dwelt upon the ways and merits of her gifted friends, while the indignation with which she denounced any aspersion cast upon the memory of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters was, in its righteousness, beautiful to see.

Miss Nussey told me that she considered Branwell, the brother, the cleverest and most talented of the whole family, and, but for his misused powers, he could, had he chosen, have outstripped his sisters in literature. Many of the incidents which she related go far to prove that Charlotte Brontë was keenly alive to humour, fun, and all the brighter aspects of life; that she eagerly enjoyed and participated in a joke; and that, until grave and distressing sorrows visited and clouded her life, she was at all times open to, and rejoiced in, its gaiety and sunshine.

That Ellen Nussey is the prototype of "Caroline Helstone" in "Shirley," cannot for a moment be doubted. It may be remembered that in one part of the book Caroline is described as wearing a brown dress with a pink bow. When I enquired of Miss Nussey if this also was taken from herself, she said that she *was* wearing that particular kind of attire at the time "Shirley" was written.

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It is to Ellen Nussey that the public is, and will ever be, indebted for authentic information with regard to the Brontë family. But for her, no history of these remarkable people could have gone forth to the world in a truthful and reliable form; while, be it said, to her everlasting honour and credit, she ever kept *herself* in the background—she, a living and no ordinary personality—in order that the crown of glory should rest in its entirety upon her gifted friends.

In this respect her loyalty and unselfishness were remarkable. Not her own, but *their* exaltation was her aim, her hope, her endeavour. She was content to remain comparatively unknown so her great friends should be honoured and acknowledged before the world.

It is to be regretted that Miss Nussey not unfrequently found herself at variance with the different writers of Brontë history, and that she occasionally involved herself in small disputes and antagonisms, which, it is to be feared, disturbed the serenity of her declining years.

But to me—as I knew and loved her—Ellen Nussey was a sweet and gracious being, true and stedfast in her heart's affections and in her large-hearted loyalty to those who had gone before; a patron saint to the poor, whose blessing followed her, living her life full of gentle deeds and kindnesses, and whose memory in the many hearts which loved and revered her will remain green and fragrant for ever.

Fortified with the Christian's courage, she met the approach of death without fear, and when death itself came it found her "quiet, confident, unbewildered."

A VISIT TO DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.R.S.

THIS month Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace enters upon his seventy-sixth year. He was born at Usk, Monmouthshire, on January 8th, 1823. His father, Thomas Vere Wallace, who died when the future scientist was eleven years old, was of Scottish descent, and when young had uncles living at Stirling, which seems to directly connect the family with the ancient Wallace clan. A. R. Wallace was educated at Hertford Grammar School, which he left when fourteen years old. Up to the age of twenty-one he worked in various parts of England and Wales, with an elder brother (William), a land surveyor and architect. On coming of age he left his brother and became English master in the Collegiate School, Leicester; about a year later his brother died and he succeeded to his business at Neath, Glamorganshire. Although enjoying the railway surveying and other work on which he was engaged, some difficulties in getting payment for a tithe-commutation survey, which he was obliged to collect from the farmers, so disgusted him with business life, that he proposed to the late H. W. Bates, whose acquaintance he had made at Leicester, to undertake an expedition to the Amazons, being induced thereto by reading Edwards' "Voyage up the Amazon" and Humbolt's Personal Narrative. His object was to collect natural history specimens and gather facts "towards solving the problem of the origin of species." After four years in South America, he returned home, and in 1853 published "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro." The next year he set out on a second expedition, and spent eight years in the region between Malacca and New Guinea; the literary result being "The Malay Archipelago, the Land of the Orang-Utan and the Bird of Paradise: A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature" (published in 1869). It was from Ternate, in 1858, that Mr. Wallace sent home, addressed to Darwin, with the request that he would forward it to Sir Charles Lyell, a paper setting forth the theory of natural selection, which Darwin had also arrived at and was then working out in detail.

After returning from abroad Dr. Wallace resided in London for a few years. In 1866 he married the eldest daughter of Mr. William Mitten, a well-known botanist and specialist in mosses. A few years later he built a house at Grays, Essex, where Dr. and Mrs. Wallace resided for about five years (1871-6). The next two years were spent at Dorking, and the following five at Croydon. Then Dr. Wallace built a cottage at the top of Frith Hill, Godalming. In 1886 he went for a nine months' lecturing tour in America; on his return, desiring a milder climate, they searched through the South of England, and finally settled at Parkstone, three miles west of Bournemouth.

Although quite close to the railway station, the spot where Dr. and Mrs. Wallace have had their home for the last eight years is secluded and picturesque. Standing on sloping ground, and surrounded by a garden, the pretty creeper-covered cottage commands a fine view across Poole Harbour to the Purbeck Hills; Corfe Castle is discernible in clear weather, hence the name of the house—"Corfe View."

Dr. Wallace's travels and adventures in early life seem to have hardened his physique. No symptom of feebleness, physical or mental, is perceptible. With his tall substantial figure, still erect but for slight "scholar's stoop," his head thickly covered with smooth white hair, Dr. Wallace's appearance is at once robust and dignified. When a young man his height was six feet one and a half inches; it is now about six feet. One is charmed by the native simplicity and modesty of his speech and demeanour; he seems never to regard himself as one of the notable men of the century. Despite some bronchial trouble and a slight tendency to asthma, Dr. Wallace's general health is good; he says he now feels as well as he has done any time during the last twenty years. He rarely takes alcohol, and has never smoked. Although he has not forsworn meat, he believes that vegetarianism is sound in principle, and will ultimately become universal.

In the course of the November afternoon I had the privilege of spending in Dr. Wallace's cosy little study, which is in the lower part of the house, the garden sloping down to it, I asked him whether present-day science is supporting Darwin. "Certainly," he replied, "Darwin is supported by competent judges, but latterly so-called naturalists and biologists have rapidly increased, and among the less clear-thinking of these there is a great tendency to quibble and make difficulties where really there are none. Darwin's fundamental principles have never been shaken. For myself, I have complete confidence in them, and in the permanent influence of his work."

"But you reject some of his conclusions?"

"Yes. Sexual selection resulting from the fighting of males is indisputable, but, differing from Darwin, I do not believe there is any selection through the choice of the

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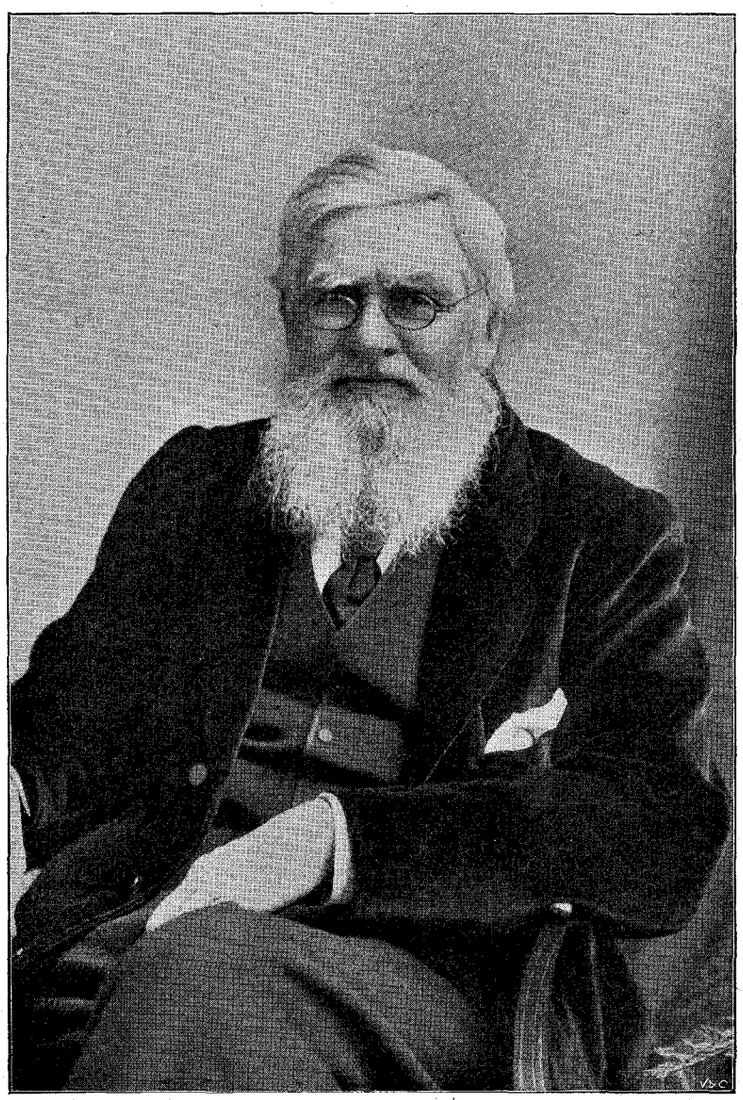
females, and the drift of scientific opinion is towards my view. Again, I do not believe in the transmission of acquired characters, the evidence seeming to me to be against it, and this is the chief point on which there is a growth of scientific opinion against Darwin. The discussion is still proceeding, naturalists now being about equally divided. Herbert Spencer takes the same view as Darwin, but Mr. Francis Galton and Weissman between them have almost certainly proved the non-heredity of acquired variations. But neither of these questions affects Darwin's fundamental principles."

The only other material point on which Dr. Wallace differs from Darwin is that which separates him from nine-tenths of modern biologists. "I am not able to believe that the mental and moral nature of man has been developed out of the lower animals wholly and solely by the same natural processes that developed his physical structure. That arises from the fact that I am a spiritualist, believing that there is something in man differing in nature as well as in degree from the lower animals. At a certain epoch, when the body was sufficiently developed to receive it, there was a spiritual influx. I believe there were three stages in the development of the living universe, at each of which there was an influx of something that was not there before. First, the change from the inorganic, whose highest development is the crystal, to the organic. The advance represented by the plant, even supposing it has no sensation, seems to me too great to have been brought about merely by increased complexity of molecules. Second, from the plant to the animal, which has sensation, consciousness, is a still greater step. The third stage is the development of the soul or noblest faculties of man. The enormous difference between man and the lower animals must have a cause, and I cannot find that cause in the ordinary processes of evolution." Dr. Wallace has expounded his views on this point in the closing chapter of his popular account of "Darwinism" (Macmillan).



Photographed by the [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

Alfred R. Wallace

Reverting to the question of heredity, I said it would seem at first thought that if acquired characters are not transmitted humanity cannot influence its own development, which would be fatalism.

"That," said Dr. Wallace, "is the mistake nearly everybody makes. The fact is non-heredity of acquired characteristics allows greater scope for development, and inspires more hope for the future of the race than heredity. Think of the overwhelming influences for evil that have been constantly operating from the earliest times. All the despotisms of the world have tended to cultivate the bad in man. If the accumulated badness had been handed down, humanity would never have reached its present level. But if only that which is inherent in man is inherited, the moment the pressure of bad conditions is lifted he is able to spring up again and develop all the good qualities that have been latent merely because of want of opportunity."

Dr. Wallace's hope for the upward development of the race is in free human selection. "When women are thoroughly educated and free, and have not to struggle for a bare existence, or to sell themselves either in marriage or out of it, there will be real sexual selection, and the result will be most beneficial to the race, for the great majority of men and women, especially women, admire what is good, great, and benevolent, and dislike what is mean and bad." This subject is dealt with by Dr. Wallace in an article on "Human Selection" in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1890.

About his religious standpoint he said, "I have always felt, like Herbert Spencer, that God is unknowable and unthinkable; but directly we get the idea of a life beyond ours we can conceive the scale of being rising higher and higher. Whether it culminates in one personality or goes on endlessly we cannot tell, and it does not matter. For thirty years before I became convinced of the truth of spiritualism I was an agnostic. My only religion is that which I get out of spiritualism. The world is the means

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of developing human souls, and our future depends upon our use of present opportunities. When we leave this world, having thrown aside the body, our development goes on from the exact point we have reached here."

"What is your attitude to the doctrines of Christianity?"

"I do not hold any Christian doctrines whatever. I consider that Christ was a great man, with very exceptional spiritual gifts, a great medium, and probably the man most nearly associated with the spiritual world in all history. We spiritualists have no difficulty in accepting the whole story of His life and miracles."

"Including His miraculous entry into and departure from the world?"

"They are not subjects of evidence; they are not related by eye-witnesses, and really they are not essential. The same things have been said of the founders of other religions. But natural miracles, such as healing the sick and producing food, are done to-day."

"How did you become a spiritualist?"

"When I returned from abroad in 1862 I read about spiritualism, and, like most people, thought it all imposture, delusion, idiocy. I met people, apparently intelligent and sane, who assured me they had experienced wonderful things. Mrs. Marshall was at that time a celebrated medium in London, and after close examination I became convinced that the phenomena associated with her were perfectly genuine. But it took three years' further investigation to satisfy me that they were produced by spirits." For further discussion of spiritualism Dr. Wallace referred me to his book, "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," which appeared in 1874.

I inquired of Dr. Wallace whether, like Mr. Gerald Massey, he holds direct communication with the spirit-world.

"No," he said. "Mr. Massey is mediumistic; I am not. I have never received any communications, or had anything happen to me, except when I have gone to a professor or friendly medium."

"Do you think the religion of the future will be based on spiritualism?"

"Certainly. There is nothing else to base it upon. When on the one side you have facts and phenomena that are happening to-day, and on the other you have something that is alleged to have happened two or three thousand years ago, and the first can be tested and the other cannot, it is absurd to expect people to accept the one that comes to them through ancient manuscripts and faulty translations and to reject the evidence that is now before their eyes, especially when the ancient and modern phenomena are pretty much of the same kind."

"Speaking of tests, is it not alleged that that is precisely the point at which spiritualism breaks down?"

"The allegation is only partially true. Usually those who at the very beginning demand tests are the wrong kind of people to get any satisfactory result. Those who experiment in the proper spirit don't fail. Professor William Crookes, F.R.S., experimented in his laboratory for years with the greatest success. Professor Oliver Lodge, Professor W. F. Barrett, of Dublin, and others have been more or less successful."

For some time past Dr. Wallace has been working at a new book. In 1896 he lectured at Davos for Dr. Lunn, who suggested the topic, "Personal Recollections of the Scientific Discoveries of the Century." Dr. Wallace became so interested in the subject that he decided to write a book upon it; it is nearly finished, and will be published in the spring. The title he chose was "A Century of Progress," but hearing that a series of articles had appeared in England or America under that heading, he has changed it to "The Wonderful Century: Its Successes and its Failures." "I have sketched," said the author, "the material and scientific progress of the century, and also the progress in ideas and principles. The distinctive feature of the book is that while I make more of the successes of the century than I believe any other writer has done, yet I show that the failures have been quite as great as the successes.

"I have a great many heresies," Dr. Wallace continued, smiling. "For example, I have been a strong anti-vaccinator for the last twenty-five years." Dr. Wallace showed me the manuscript of a work on this subject, which after separate publication is to be included in "The Wonderful Century." It is entitled, "Vaccination a Delusion, and its Penal Enforcement a Crime; Proved by the Official Evidence in the Reports of the Royal Commission." One chapter of "The Wonderful Century" is a defence of phrenology, in which Dr. Wallace has all his life been an ardent believer.

Dr. Wallace continues to contribute occasionally to the reviews and magazines. He usually does his writing in the forenoon. He believes in taking plenty of recreation, and has several hobbies, gardening among others. For many years he has cultivated every plant that he can get to grow in his garden. In his conservatory he has a great variety of orchids. His indoor hobby is chess. He likes music, but only very grand music. To a remark that evidently the faculty of appreciation has not died out at all in him, as it did to some extent in Darwin, Dr. Wallace responded, "Darwin was a continuous worker at his one great subject; I am not. I should not be happy without some work, but I vary it with gardening, walking, or novel reading. Even when in the midst of writing a book I never cease to read light literature." He spoke of Miss Jane Barlow, who was recently in Parkstone, as "one of the most delightful writers of the day." He particularly enjoyed "Irish Idylls." He said that H. Seton Merriman's "Sowers" was one of the most striking, vivid pictures of Russia he had ever read. Meredith Dr. Wallace can't read. He admired Hardy's earlier stories, but he does not care for his later books. "I dislike," he says, "the whole pessimist school of writers. I have read two of Hall Caine's books, 'The Manxman' and 'Son of Hagar,' and they are full of misery, horror, pain, trouble. I hate it; that is not human nature."

"He is a great genius," was Dr. Wallace's response when I mentioned R. D. Blackmore. "Last year I again read 'Lorna Doone'; this year we went to explore the Doone Valley. Of course we had been told there was no such place, but we could not believe that; all the surrounding places are so accurately described. Now," genially, "I don't think a writer ought to mislead one like that." He has immense admiration for Dickens, and is glad that so many competent writers and critics still uphold him. Dr. Wallace does not read much poetry, though he appreciates good verse, and has great admiration for Tennyson and Kipling.

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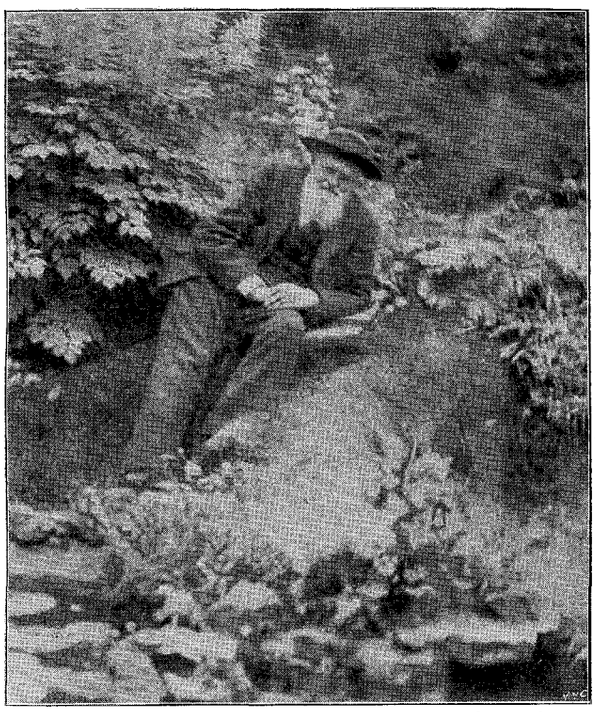
When residing in London, Dr. Wallace knew intimately Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and Sir Charles Lyell. At the request of Tennyson, Dr. Wallace once called, with Mr. Allingham, at Aldworth. "After lunch we spent the afternoon in the study, Tennyson smoking all the time. He wanted to talk of spiritualism chiefly, about which he was very sympathetic. At that time I don't think he had 'seen anything'; he talked of having a medium. Tennyson was a born spiritualist, like Longfellow."

Darwin occasionally came up to London to visit libraries and museums; he stayed with his brother in Queen Anne Street, and Dr. Wallace was usually asked to lunch. "Darwin was so extremely delicate and sensitive that he had to limit his conversation and the number of people he saw at



DR. RUSSEL WALLACE IN HIS GARDEN, JUNE 28TH, 1895.

one time. We conferred and discussed more by letter than personally.

"The opinions expressed on landlordism in the last two pages of my 'Malay Archipelago' attracted the attention of John Stuart Mill, and procured me the honour of his acquaintance."

Conspicuous in Dr. Wallace's study is a portrait of Mr. Robert Blatchford. He considers the author of "Merrie England" "in many respects the very first writer of English at this day. I have been a Socialist for twelve or fifteen years," he said; "I want to write a book on Socialism, answering the common foolish objections, and showing what Socialism really is."

Dr. Wallace approves of the programme of the Independent Labour Party—"the nationalisation of the whole means of production, distribution, and exchange"—regarding this as the essence of Socialism. He thinks that even in a Socialist state for a long time wages will be necessary, and that they must vary somewhat with ability, but the difference need not be nearly so great as it is now. "One man ought not to get ten or a hundred times as much as another simply because he is cleverer or quicker with his fingers—twice as much would be ample." Since 1881, Dr. Wallace has been President of the Land Nationalisation Society, and until three years ago he gave the annual address.

Dr. Wallace is the last of a family of nine. A younger brother, Herbert Edward, joined him on the Amazons, and died of yellow fever at Para in 1851; an older brother, John, went to California in 1850, and died there in 1895, his only sister living since his boyhood having died in London two years earlier. Dr. and Mrs. Wallace have a son and a daughter. Mr. William Greenell Wallace, twenty-five years of age, has been trained as an electrical engineer. An enthusiastic Socialist, he and a like-minded friend recently went to America to study electrical science and the conditions of life in the United States, whilst earning their living. Miss Wallace is a kindergarten teacher in Liverpool.

Few men of his own generation have had a more rich and varied experience than Dr. Wallace, and none more deserves a happy, peaceful eventide such as he is now enjoying. I asked him whether he did not intend to employ part of his leisure in writing his reminiscences.

"If I live long enough," he replied, "I may write an autobiography. But I am not very good at that sort of thing."

A. D.

AN IMPROMPTU.

(On being told that Austin Dobson thought I had joined the Great Majority.)

Widely apart are riven
Dobson's land and *My* land,
Such different worlds we live in,
In a little Island.
I did not die; and when I do
'Twill be to join a Minor Few.
It is my fate
Never to be
In a Great
Majority.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE JOURNALIST.

THE STAFF OF THE *WESTMINSTER GAZETTE*.

Having joined the *Pall Mall* early in 1892, Mr. J. Alfred Spender took part in the general exodus of its editorial staff in the autumn of that year, when the paper fell into Mr. Astor's hands. Assistant editor of the *Westminster* from its commencement, December 31st, 1892, Mr. Spender assumed chief command at the beginning of 1896, on Mr. Cook's transference to the *Daily News*. Eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Spender (the novelist), he is a Balliol man, with a distinguished university record. For four years (1886-90) he edited the *Eastern Morning News*, Hull, and for a short time was on the staff of the *Echo*. In Mr. Spender's hands the *Westminster* has continued to prosper. He generally writes the leaders—universally recognised as a strong feature—occasionally furnishes some of the Notes of the Day, and about three times a week does a review or special article. In Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, assistant editor, Mr. Spender has a treasure such as many editors yearn in vain to possess. He is equally facile with pencil and pen, can turn out amusing occasional verse, is fertile in ideas, and withal has strong Liberal convictions, and is a man of sound judgment and considerable business experience. In his Stock Exchange days Mr. Gould amused himself in his leisure by doing caricatures for *Truth*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Budget*, etc. After a time he began to illustrate Mr. Harold Spender's Parliamentary sketch in the *Gazette*, and when that gentleman went to the *Chronicle* he commenced to supply the letterpress

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as well as the pictures. Mr. Gould now devotes practically all his time to the *Westminster* publications, and in addition to his pictorial work, occasionally writes articles, reviews, etc. He is, of course, responsible for the monthly issue of *Picture Politics*, which grows in popularity, and is localised by a number of provincial political associations. Other very able writers assist in the writing of leaders and notes. A valued member of the staff is Mr. J. Cumming, who is specially responsible for that interesting miscellany, "Here and There," and a frequent contributor to the literary columns. The well-known initials "E. F. S." at the end of the theatrical criticisms stand for Mr. E. F. Spence, who is both a practising barrister and a dramatic critic of great ability. The art critic is Mr. A. H. Pollen, who is also a frequent contributor to the literary department. Among occasional contributors are Mr. Barry O'Brien, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Anthony Hope, whose "Dolly Dialogues" first appeared in the *Westminster*, Mr. Charles Morley (formerly editor of the *Westminster Budget*), whose "Confessions of an Old Burglar" have recently attracted a good deal of attention, and Mr. Stephen Crane, who represented the *Gazette* in the Greek war, and whose latest contributions have taken the form of "Irish Notes." That brilliant journalist of many accomplishments, Mr. Edmund Garrett, who through the columns of the *Westminster* so skilfully pricked the Mahatma bubble, is now editor of the *Cape Times*. It is an interesting coincidence that Mr. Garrett, who was closely associated with Mr. Stead on the old *Pall Mall*, should be an active force at the Cape during the High Commissionership of Sir Alfred Milner, who in the time of Mr. Morley and Mr. Stead was assistant editor of the *Gazette*. The reviewers at one time or another include some of the best-known literary men. The news editor is Mr. William Hill—a Tynesider. He was with Mr. Stead on the *Northern Echo*, and was afterwards invited by him to the *Pall Mall*. He it was who wrote the *Pall Mall's* admirable series of Guides to the Exhibitions at South Kensington. A versatile journalist, he has done notable work as Political Commissioner in England, Special Correspondent in Ireland, "On-Looker" in the House of Commons, etc. Mr. Hill's chief colleagues in the News department are Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott and Mr. W. Hargrave. Musical criticism is usually entrusted to Mr. Hugh Arthur Scott, who also helps with interviews, descriptive reports, etc. The financial editor is Mr. Charles Duguid, who made his reputation on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, his assistant being Mr. Bryan Lincoln. Mr. Philip Bussy is sport editor. A promising junior member of the staff is Mr. Hugh Spender, brother of the editor. The Chess Column is edited by Mr. J. Hoffer. "Madame Qui Vive," who writes "Concerning Dress," is Miss Young, the illustrations being done by Miss Janet Riddle. Occasional sketches, stories, and articles are contributed by Miss Frances Forbes Robertson and other ladies. Much bright and varied work has been done for the *Gazette* by Miss Hulda Friederichs, especially in the way of interviewing. She has probably penetrated further into the Gladstone circle than any other journalist, and is an acknowledged authority on domestic life at Hawarden. For the past eighteen months Miss Friederichs has edited the *Westminster Budget*. Miss Friederichs, Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott, Mr. Hargrave, and Mr. Bryan Lincoln were all on the *Pall Mall*. The publisher is Mr. J. B. Boyle, and Mr. F. Woodman is head of the cashier's department. Usually there are four editions of the *Gazette*—second, appearing about 12.30; afternoon edition, 3.30; extra special, 5.30; late edition, shortly after six.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

A Company has been registered at Somerset House under the title of "*The Echo*, Limited." The capital is £50,000, divided into 4,000 preference and 6,000 ordinary £5 shares.

Mr. Michael MacDonagh, who wrote "In the Sub-Editor's Room" in the December *Nineteenth Century*, has been for two or three years a member of the *Times* Parliamentary staff. He was previously connected with the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, and for several years wrote a Parliamentary sketch for it. Mr. MacDonagh published last year "The Book of Parliament"—an interesting account of the two Houses at work. He has also written "Bishop Doyle, a Biographical and Historical Study," for the New Irish Library, edited by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Mr. MacDonagh is a well-known member of the Irish Literary Society.

Mr. Fred. A. McKenzie has been appointed assistant editor of the *New Review*, under Mr. Percy E. Hurd. Mr. McKenzie is one of a numerous band of young journalists who received their early training under Mr. Passmore Edwards on the staff of the *Echo*.

Mr. David Edwards, for many years manager of the *Nottingham Express*, has accepted an appointment on the business staff of the *Daily News*. At Nottingham he is succeeded by Mr. Abbott, secretary of the *Express* Company.

Mr. Louis Tracey, formerly on the editorial staff of the *Evening News*, has left London to take an appointment on the *Allahabad Pioneer*, with which he was formerly associated.

The author of "Representative Indians," lately issued by Messrs. Routledge, is Mr. E. P. Pillai, B.A., of the *Madras Standard*, who visited this country at the time of the Jubilee.

Several journalistic changes have occurred in Manchester. After very many years' service, Mr. J. R. Livsey, second sub-editor of the *Guardian*, has retired, his place being taken by Mr. Graham, of the Liverpool *Mercury*. He is succeeded by Mr. Binson, of the *Mercury* reporting staff, whose place is taken by Mr. Merriman, of the *Southport Visiter*. Mr. H. D. Austerberry, sporting editor of the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, has returned to Stoke. Mr. Coop, of Ashton-under-Lyne, has been appointed to the *Chronicle* reporting staff. Mr. A. Snodgrass (second sub-editor) has been appointed chief sub-editor of the *Manchester Evening Mail*, in place of Mr. Alexander, who is leaving. Mr. T. J. Matthews, of the *Manchester Courier*, takes Mr. Snodgrass's position, Mr. Crossley Sutcliffe, of the *Rochdale Times*, succeeding Mr. Matthews. Under the new regime of the *Courier*, Mr. A. N. Cumming, who was political leader-writer, has been appointed managing editor. He inaugurated his editorship by announcing that he would be in attendance at the office two hours daily to receive people who want to "see the editor." The *Courier's* second sub-editor, Mr. H. Still, has resigned.

Mr. Thomas Meech, assistant editor and chief reporter of the *Sheffield Independent*, has been appointed editor of the *Lancashire Daily Post*, the very successful evening paper at Preston. As chief reporter he is succeeded on the *Independent* by Mr. H. A. Mince, who has done good work on the *Nottingham Express* and *Rochdale Observer*.

Mr. Philip Reed, late editor of the *Eastern Daily Telegraph*, and an Associate of the Institute of Journalists, has just left Grimsby to seek his fortunes at Klondike.

Much regret has been caused by the death, at the age of forty-two, of Mr. W. J. Jamieson, M.A. A native of Aberdeenshire, he was for a time editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*. Four years ago he joined the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, and for the last two years was assistant editor.

A new sporting daily is to be established in Nottingham. The proprietor of the *Nottingham Argus* has the project in hand, and the first number will probably be published shortly. Mr. E. Thornley, formerly of the *Racing World*, is to have charge of the editorial department.

The members of the Liverpool district of the Institute of Journalists have decided to invite the Council of the Institute to hold the annual Conference next year in Liverpool.

Mr. James R. Peate has ceased to edit the *Bradford Daily Argus*.

The *Eastern Morning News* and the *Hull News* have been amalgamated. They will continue to be issued, the former as a morning daily, the latter as an evening and weekly journal.

Mr. E. J. Howarth, sub-editor of the *Hull Daily Mail* and the *Hull Times*, has resigned his post, owing to ill-health. He is succeeded by Mr. H. E. Lawton, late of the *Cambridge Daily News*.

Mr. Alfred C. Amoore, formerly of Bath, has become sub-editor and reporter of the *West Ham Guardian* and the *Eastern Counties Times*, both issued from the same office at Stratford.

The *Woking News* has been purchased by Mr. E. A. Judges, proprietor of the *Woking Mail*, and has been amalgamated with the latter.

Mr. C. W. P. Smith, one of the sub-editors of the *Liverpool Courier*, is transferring his services to the *Irish Times*, Dublin.

Having accepted the appointment of clerk of accounts to the Potteries Stipendiary Court, Mr. S. W. Hollinshead, of Burslem, has severed his connection with the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, after sixteen years' service. Mr. F. Parker has left the *Sentinel* staff for that of the *Golden Penny*.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. William Carnie, who was a working journalist in Aberdeen forty years ago, and who until recently acted as dramatic

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critic for the *Daily Free Press*, has had his portrait, painted by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., presented to Aberdeen Art Gallery, in public recognition of his "musical, literary, and official services to the cit[illegible] Some years ago Mr. Carnie published "Waifs of Rhyme."

The death of Dr. Hedderwick has removed from the West of Scotland the *doyen* of journalism. He was the founder of the Glasgow *Evening Citizen*, which was the second evening newspaper published in the United Kingdom. Dr. Hedderwick is succeeded in the management of the *Citizen* by his sons, Mr. Edwin and Mr. Maxwell, the former taking charge of the literary department and the latter of the business department.

The death has occurred of Mr. J. S. Begg, of the *Irvine and Fullarton Times*, and President of the Glasgow and West of Scotland District of the Institute of Journalists.

IRELAND.

Mr. James Henderson, M.A., managing proprietor of the *Belfast Newsletter*, and ex-chairman of the Ulster district of the Institute of Journalists, has been unanimously chosen by the new city corporation as Lord Mayor elect for 1898. This honour has given very great pleasure to Ulster journalists, in whose welfare Mr. Henderson has always shown practical interest.

NEW BOOKS.

THE MAKING OF ABBOTSFORD.*

In this attractive volume a dozen of the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott's hitherto scattered papers are brought together. Each of these papers relates either to the history of Scotland or of France; and a few of them to both. Six of them originally appeared in the *Scottish Review*, others in *Blackwood*, the *Dublin Review*, and the *Month*. The one to which the place of honour is now assigned formed the Introduction to "Abbotsford and its Treasures"; and one of Mr. Gibb's beautiful drawings—Abbotsford from the north bank of the Tweed—is reproduced as a frontispiece to the present collection. The vignette shows the Abbotsford of 1812; and the other illustration Sir Walter's study. In the arrangement of the papers, chronological sequence is discarded. The first, as already mentioned, deals with Abbotsford; the last with the Ruthwell Cross. The authoress does not say whether she has revised them in view of their republication; but too many of them still stand in need of correction.

In her Life of St. Margaret, Mrs. Scott says that "the Chronicle of Mailros, one of the most authentic records we possess, states that the Queen's blessed death took place in Edinburgh Castle." That chronicle twice mentions the death of Queen Margaret, but does so without stating on either occasion the place where she died. Mrs. Scott further speaks of the Church of Dunfermline as her "last resting place," although she tells how her head found its way to France and her "other remains" to Spain, and expresses the hope that these relics still exist, and that "the day may come when they will be brought back to the land which still glories in the memory of its illustrious Queen."

In the account of St. Magnus of the Orkneys—perhaps the most valuable item in the volume—a translation is given of the discourse delivered on St. Magnus's Day by his earliest biographer. As in that translation Mrs. Scott purposely omits a few words because "the existing texts give the date wrongly," it might be expected that she at least would be accurate with the date, yet there is evidently a mistake in that which she assigns for the saint's martyrdom. She says that it took place on Easter Tuesday, the 16th of April, 1116; but in that year Easter Tuesday fell on the 4th, not on the 16th of April.

In the paper on The Lennox, the Regent Albany figures as the Regent Arran; and Lennox is said to have received permission from Queen Elizabeth to return to Scotland in 1566 instead of 1564. Probably these are merely misprints due to the want of revision—a want which is otherwise indicated. Mrs. Scott frankly acknowledges that this paper is drawn from "The Lennox" printed in 1874; yet she persistently describes the author as "Mr. Fraser," although she must know that he has been a K.C.B. for ten years.

* "The Making of Abbotsford, and Incidents in Scottish History drawn from various sources." By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford. (London: Adam and Charles Black. 1897.)

The memoir of Claude, second daughter of Henry the Second of France, is one of the most interesting sections of the book; but it, too, is disfigured by glaring errors. Claude was married to the Duke of Lorraine on the 22nd of January, 1558-9. Mrs. Scott says that the wish of the Duke's mother to see her son does not appear to have been realised until after the marriage. It is certain, however, that she had a most affecting interview with him in the previous May. In the same memoir Mrs. Scott alleges that the Queen of Scots, after the death of her first husband, "spent the sad winter at Rheims." As a matter of fact, she did not arrive at Rheims until the 26th of March, and she left it in less than three weeks!

The ninth paper, a "little life of Mary Queen of Scots," was written for the Catholic Truth Society. As the story of the Queen from her birth to her execution is told in less than fifty pages, it would be unreasonable to expect many details. Mrs. Scott is a devout believer in Mary's innocence; but unfortunately her narrative, though simply written and plausible, is by no means trustworthy. Controversial matters are avowedly shunned; awkward facts are unavowedly withheld; and care has not been taken to avoid manifest mistakes. Some of these mistakes are rather amusing; some are rather serious. Three examples may suffice. Twice she repeats that Henry the Eighth's cruisers tried to capture the little Queen on her way to France. Yet Henry died eighteen months before Mary left the shores of Scotland. After telling how Mary landed at Roscoff, Mrs. Scott adds: "In Brittany Mary was welcomed with the honours due to her rank, and she made a right royal progress to St. Germains, where, the King and Queen being absent, she was received by tbe royal children of France. Besides the Dauphin, Mary was now greeted by Prince Charles, Prince Henry, and the three princesses, Elizabeth, Claude and Margaret, all eager to welcome her as a sister." It is a pity to spoil the picture so prettily drawn; but if Mrs. Scott had taken ever so little pains she might have learned that when the Queen of Scots reached St. Germains the Princess Claude was a mere infant, and that Prince Charles, Prince Henry, and Princess Margaret were not born! In trying to show that Mary's marriage with Bothwell was not an immoral and illegal union, Mrs. Scott says: "Bothwell's marriage with Lady Jean Gordon was already annulled for the cause of consanguinity, both by the Pope's Legate in Scotland and by the Kirk; and that the Church sanctioned the Queen's marriage is made evident by the presence of the Primate and two other Catholic bishops at the ceremony." By "the Kirk" Mrs. Scott here means the Protestant Church; and by "the Church" she means the Church of Rome. It is not the case, however, that the Protestant Church annulled Bothwell's marriage for the cause of consanguinity or for any other cause. Perhaps Mrs. Scott was unable to distinguish between the Reformed Church and the Commissary Court. The latter did pronounce sentence of divorce against Bothwell; but the cause was his adultery, not his consanguinity.

Of Mrs. Scott's other papers that dealing with St. Machar is drawn from Horstmann's edition of the "Altenglische Legenden"; those on the Scots Guards in France, and on the Scottish Catholics under Mary and James, are—like her St. Margaret—based on the works of Father Forbes-Leith; and that on Winifred Countess of Nithsdaill is drawn from Sir William Fraser's "Book of Carlaverock." Those who are familiar with these works will find little that is new in Mrs. Scott's summaries.

As Mrs. Scott's papers are very interesting, there is the greater cause for regret that their value is impaired by their slipshod nature. One would fain see better work emanating from Abbotsford.

D. HAY FLEMING.

MR. GRANT ALLEN'S THEOGONIES.*

By Religion Mr. Grant Allen understands the worship, or ritual, of supposed Divine beings; and the origin which he has in view is not transcendental, but psychological. He does not, therefore, ask whether gods there be, or if any god at all, but "by what successive steps did men come to frame for themselves the conception of a deity?" Nor will he allow that religion, as such, implies dogma, which, in general terms, he would define as tales told about the gods, or mythology. And this, again, is distinct from ethics. Religion appears, then, to

* "The Evolution of the Idea of God." An Enquiry into the Origins of Religions. By Grant Allen. (London: Grant Richards. 1897.) Pp. viii., 447.

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be pretty much the same as "cultus deorum," in the narrow old Etruscan or Roman sense; and "in its origin the concept of a god is nothing more than that of a Dead Man, regarded as a still surviving ghost or spirit, and endowed with increased or supernatural powers and qualities." The doctrine thus formulated is very well known as belonging to the school of Euhemerus. It was taken up against the gods of the heathen by early Christian apologists, and occupies a large space in Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," by the side of a more recondite explanation which would look upon Pagan deities as evil spirits in disguise. Mr. Grant Allen now extends it, with the help of Mr. H. Spencer and much recent investigation, to Religion as a whole. But he professes to be keeping somewhat of a middle place between the "animist" and the "humanist"; nor does he deny the existence of "that profoundly animistic frame of mind which Mr. Im Thurn has so well depicted among the Indians of Guiana," or "which exists among the Samoyeds of Siberia." What he would maintain, always without dogmatizing in a province so obscure, is that the ghost came before the spirit; and that the deified Dead Man was the ancestor of the great or small Nature-gods. To this law the religious development of Israel offers no exception, and "Jahweh" was probably an old Semitic chief, symbolised by the stone emblem kept in the ark, which represented his tomb.

From the foregoing it will be evident that Mr. Grant Allen is not wanting in courage. But the light which we also desiderate is spread unequally over his hundreds of curious and condensed pages. He is fertile in suggestions; we cannot quite trust his judgment; nor does he trust it himself. He merely "goes before a Grand Jury," and is willing on good grounds to change his present opinions, many of which he did not hold, or even guess at, until Mr. Frazer, who is an animist, had published his epoch-making volumes on "The Golden Bough." To these Mr. Grant Allen adds many illustrations, and a chapter of decidedly original views with regard to the origin of cultivation from "tumulus offerings." He is likewise worth reading on the subject of the "manufactured god," and "the wide survival of primitive corpse-worship down to our own times in civilised Europe." The treatment will often be thought to lose itself in unverifiable conjectures; and average Christians will not read Mr. Grant Allen with comfort, perhaps not in every line with patience. But the matter is one which invites, and will reward, the scrutiny of theologians, antiquaries, and mythologists. Mr. Frazer has a more admirable touch; and it must remain a question whether he is not more likely to have seen into the nature of the aboriginal, or savage, mind, than so very determined a Euhemerist as Mr. Grant Allen. WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. WATSON'S NEW POEMS.*

Mr. Watson's new volume is a little one, and it should have been less. "The Lost Eden," "The Hope of the World," "The Unknown God" would have made five-and-twenty small pages, which might have been fairly increased to thirty by including the "Ode in May"—if only for the sake of the fine lines,

> "Magnificent out of the dust we came
> And abject from the spheres"—

and of these thirty we would not willingly have missed one. The increase to eighty-three is all pure loss. The complimentary verses have most indiscreetly strayed into good company; the love-songs are feeble, pointless things, with only weight enough to strain at Mr. Watson's reputation for judgment; and the "light verse" is apt, with elephantine step, to become the comic. The lady to whom they were addressed must sorely wish for the omission of such lines as

> "You are palpably *de trop*
> In the glades of Fontainebleau."

In the thirty-page remnant, the finest thing is undoubtedly a short poem, "The Lost Eden," where a worthy idea is finely treated; one of the greatest of the human tragedies is greatly divined. The lost Eden is man's lost belief of himself as the first of creatures, fashioned for eternity. It was Eve gave him the fatal knowledge.

> "Eve, the adventurous soul within his soul!
> The sleepless, the unslaked! she showed him where
> Amidst his pleasaunce hung the bough whose fruit
> Is disenchantment and the perishing of many glorious errors.
> * * * * * * * *
> And the gold gates of Eden clanged behind.
> Never shall he return; for he hath sent
> His spirit abroad among the infinitudes,
> And may no more to the ancient pales recall
> The travelled feet. But oftentimes he feels
> The intolerable vastness bow him down,
> The awful, homeless spaces scare his soul;
> And half-regretful he remembers then
> His Eden lost, as some grey mariner
> May think of the far fields where he was bred,
> And woody ways unbreathed on by the sea,
> Though more familiar now the ocean-paths
> Gleam, and the stars his fathers never knew."

Here Mr. Watson has risen to the level of his master Arnold. The temper of the best poems is that of Arnold—a desire to hope, but a determination not to flatter Desire by giving it the name of Truth. This is the theme of the title poem, a noble, simple composition, with gleams of rare poetic beauty in it.

> "And though within me here
> Hope lingers unsubdued,
> 'Tis because airiest cheer
> Suffices for her food!
> As some adventurous flower,
> On savage crag-side grown,
> Seems nourished hour by hour
> From its wild self alone,
> So lives inveterate hope, on her own hardihood."

Mr. Watson's thought has not always been quite good enough for his clear, collected style. But the fearless, honest facing of facts making against old illusions and all the pretty sentiment of the comfortable world, gives promise of a wisdom that may one day probe deeper into the truth of things. In "The Unknown God," this complement to Kipling's warning may not tell Mr Watson's final resting-place, but it is a wholesome sign of the pain amid which thought is born.

> "Best by remembering God, say some,
> We keep our high imperial lot.
> Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come
> When we forgot—when we forgot!
> A lovelier faith their happier crown,
> But history laughs and weeps it down!"

There follows a hint of an incitement to virtue that Fortune cannot rival. A. M.

* "The Hope of the World," and other Poems. By William Watson. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.*

Passages of Mr. Bryce's American book have frequently been quoted against the author's own views as a politician. His "Impressions of South Africa" will supply scarcely any material to the Parliamentary controversialist. No expression of opinion on current controversies has been allowed to mar the historian's or the traveller's impartiality. Mr. Bryce refers to Mr. Rhodes as a "strong and strenuous man"; he describes President Kruger as shrewd, cool, dogged, wary, courageous, "adding to his trust in Providence no small measure of worldly craft." Nothing in the author's tour, which he made in the autumn of 1895, impressed him more than the fact, so vividly brought out by Olive Schreiner, that much of South Africa is a desert. The effect of its silence, its loneliness, its drear solemnity, has been specially marked on the Boers, whose resistance to the British has sprung largely from their wish to be left alone. That the English-speaking element in the Transvaal will, if the mining industry continues to thrive, become politically supreme is, in Mr. Bryce's opinion, inevitable. He thinks even that the Free State and the Transvaal may enter a Confederation, with the British monarchy as the protecting suzerain. Troubles may arise in the far future from the preponderance of the blacks, but meantime there is no serious friction, and so far as the Dutch at the Cape are concerned, we need have no reason for uneasiness if only we treat their kinsfolk with tact. On the whole Mr. Bryce's book is reassuring. His allusions to literary matters are brief though not without interest. He points out that the Dutch language, while holding its ground in South Africa, has become so vulgarised into a dialect that many of the Boers can hardly understand a Dutch newspaper. "This defect," he says, "might give English a great advantage if the Boers wished to express abstract ideas. But they have not this wish, for they have no abstract ideas to express." Few books are composed or published in South Africa, and so far as Mr. Bryce knows,

* "Impressions of South Africa." By James Bryce. London: Macmillan and Co. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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only three writers there have caught the ear of the European public. One of these was Robert Pringle, a Scotchman, whose poems, written sixty or seventy years ago, "possess considerable merit, and one of which, beginning with the line,

'Alone in the desert I love to ride,'

remains the most striking picture of South African nature" in its early days. With regard to the author of "The Story of an African Farm," Mr. Bryce merely mentions that she has "attained deserved fame." The third writer in his list is Mr. Scully, who is less known in England, but whose little volume of "Kaffir Tales" is "marked by much graphic power, and shows insight into native character." In course of time, Mr. Bryce thinks the Europeans of South Africa will emulate their kinsfolk at home or in North America in literary and artistic fertility. The book, which has occupied him for nearly two years, is written in an easy, though sometimes loose, style; it is full of information and thoroughly readable. It is dedicated "To the companion of my journey." The author's companion was Mrs. Bryce.

ROSSETTI'S LETTERS TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.*

Even after Mr. William Rossetti's two full volumes it was worth while gleaning in his track. The letters here were only made use of by him to a moderate extent, and most of them are excellent. With Allingham Dante Rossetti was on very easy, very sympathetic, terms; and then, too, the correspondence lies mainly within the best part of Rossetti's life—the letters of 1860-70 being much fewer and briefer. So he is presented under his most cheerful aspect. He is still schoolboyish in tone, jovial and even genial in temper, with a habit of rough-and-ready joking, and punning, and fooling. No bluff Englishman was ever more reticent as to sentiment in his correspondence, more averse to pretentiousness or humbug. He had time and spirits for fun in those days; and he liked it of an obvious, everyday, quite unsubtilised order—though you could not deny wit as well as fun to his sonnet to the picture-buyer, the famous parody of Tennyson's "Kraken."

> "Getting his pictures, like his supper, cheap,
> Far, far away in Belfast by the sea,
> His scaly, one-eyed, uninvaded sleep
> MacCraken sleepeth; while the P.R.B.
> Must keep the shady side, he walks a swell
> Through springings of perennial growth and height," etc.

There are no fresh revelations of Rossetti's character. He is here as elsewhere frankly egotistic, limited in sympathies, uninflammable about many great human interests, but stubbornly energetic to push his own way and his friends', counting nothing trouble where poetry was concerned, and with fitful outbursts of great generosity. There were the makings of an excellent critic in him, though he had none of the professional omniscient manner or the habit of neat and final epithets. If his first judgments were often mere enthusiasms, his second generally got to the root of the matter, sometimes rather harshly, as when he talks of the "falsetto muscularity" of Mrs. Browning's style, presumably referring to her "Poems before Congress." He had the one essential ability of the real lover of poetry, that he could read anything in metre; but he had mere patience, mere intellectual interest for the vaguer sorts. He wrote in 1873: "It seems to me that all poetry, to be really enduring, is bound to be as *amusing* (however trivial the word may sound) as any other class of literature; and I do not think that enough of amusement to keep it alive can ever be got out of incidents not amounting to events." The vivid had an unfailing attraction for him, and "Wuthering Heights" gave him a strong sensation. "It is a fiend of a book—an incredible monster, combining all the stronger female tendencies from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Brownrigg. The action is laid in hell—only it seems places and people have English names there." Some American poets come in for his slogging scorn. "How I loathe 'Wishi-washi'—of course without reading it. I have not been so happy in loathing anything for a long while—except, I think, 'Leaves of Grass,' by that Orson of yours."

There is plenty of appreciation, but neither about people nor poetry did he have any vague reverences. Wordsworth is "good, you know, but unbearable." Of Carlyle, who had made a fool of himself by giving stupid advice to a Pre-raphaelite poet he had not read, he writes, "Now that we are allied with Turkey, we might think seriously of the bastinado for that old man on such occasions." Between the letters and the editor's notes we get a fair collection of good Pre-raphaelite stories. There is Gambart the picture dealer's grumble at Hunt's "Scapegoat"—"I wanted a nice religious picture, and he bainted me a great goat"; and there is Coventry Patmore's frank avowal, "I would not change 'Tamerton Church Tower,' nor, if I was the author of it, 'The Music Master' [Allingham's], for fifty 'Mauds.'"

But the letters can hardly compete in interest with the series of drawings which the book contains—a valuable and delightful collection, including the beautiful drawing of Mrs. Rossetti by her husband, dated Weymouth, 1856. An exquisite gem, never surpassed by him.

As to Dr. Birkbeck Hill's part, one must speak gratefully, though one offers criticism. He should have cut the letters more. And the editor of Johnson has too much the habit of note-making. His notes are very readable, only sometimes they are quite superfluous. He actually explains the meaning of Colney Hatch, and gives, for no reason at all, save that her poems are mentioned by Rossetti, Matthew Arnold's opinion of Jean Ingelow's power. Occasionally the notes, if not unnecessary, are incomplete, that on Charles Alston Collins, for instance. But his information on Pre-raphaelite subjects is unusually intimate; and we are glad of everything new that can be gathered in this field while waiting for Mr. Holman Hunt's fuller history of the movement and the men.

* "Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham," 1854-70. By George Birkbeck Hill. Illustrated. (Unwin.)

CARDINAL WISEMAN.*

This biography of a great and almost forgotten Englishman has met with instant recognition from the public. And deservedly so. It is a sequel, but in no slight measure a corrective and criticism, of that much debated "Life of Cardinal Manning," which we all read not long ago with feelings of a very mixed kind. Mr. Ward is better informed on many points than Mr. Purcell appears to have been; and in judicial fairness, sympathy of treatment, large and yet steady outlook, and cultivated style, the comparison is wholly in favour of one who has already shown a master's hand in dealing with Tractarians, Ultramontanes, and Liberal Catholics. All fair minds will perceive with what anxious self-control Mr. Ward has approached his subject, how remarkable is his candour, and how untiring his effort to present the facts, and nothing but the facts, of a life which was singularly consistent in the midst of changing circumstances and hostile groups, in an age that looked both ways at once, driven on towards scepticism yet regretful of the past, and sometimes uneasy in conscience as it was wavering in conduct. The questions at issue during Cardinal Wiseman's day were innumerable. And although it will not be pretended that this Roman missionary to the English had either a profound philosophy, or could have sounded all the depths of the modern spirit, no one who reads these two volumes will doubt his honest enthusiasm, which aimed at the reconciliation upon Catholic principles of old and new.

Mr. Ward's pages fall under a triple division. He is a biographer, to whom documents have been accessible which enable him to describe Cardinal Wiseman as the Cardinal appeared in his own eyes—letters, diaries, spiritual meditations. But he is, likewise, an historian, bent upon giving in brief compass a picture of English Catholics as they lived, suffered and dwelt in their catacombs, from the reign of Elizabeth until the astonishing revival which began sixty years ago, and is every day gaining in force and volume. So significant a change leads Mr. Ward to philosophise on the present and future relations of the "Exclusive Church" to the spirit of the times; and with this careful and well-balanced chapter he concludes. His book is not a small one. As a work of art, something is lost to it by the inevitable, though not very pleasant, accumulation of details which are known as the "Errington Case." And in other instances compression would have thrown out the Cardinal's figure more boldly against a background less encumbered with passing accidents. All modern biography suffers in this way. For us who would like a full and minute narration, no doubt every page has some attractiveness. But the permanent drawing will never be so large. If a popular edition is called for, and the author is brave enough to cut deep and cut often, he will probably find that the half is more than the whole.

* "The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman." By Wilfrid Ward. In two volumes. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.) 1897.

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His hero was a taking and unworldly character, not less English than Roman, as simple as a child, versatile, eager, eloquent, liberal-minded, abounding in zeal, curious with a scholar's inquisitiveness, learned in Syriac, Hebrew, Arabic, a preacher in many Western languages, and in all his ways magnificent, yet neither a Wolsey nor a Richelieu. His arguments broke in pieces Newman's "Via Media." For the noise and folly which were aroused by the "Papal Aggression" in 1850, not he, but Lord John Russell and the *Times* were responsible. He lived down all the misunderstanding; he was widely venerated and deeply mourned; and after an interval in which Catholic expansion was somewhat checked by overweening scruples, his policy is once more triumphant abroad and at home. No portion of these absorbing volumes will be read with greater eagerness than that which demonstrates how closely Wiseman was in touch with the movement called "Romanticism." He had heard Lamennais prophesy of a new Catholic period. He was the friend of Montalembert, Rio, and Lacordaire; he corresponded with Döllinger; and he strongly approved, in set and formal terms, of Newman's "Development." Beyond the literary interest which attaches to these things, they possess the value of living forces, still in action, and likely to claim no common share in moulding the future of the world. Mr. Ward is to be congratulated on his courage, quite as much as on the insight, industry, and manner of speech that he has brought to this memorable undertaking. His Cardinal cannot now be forgotten, and those who study the great man attentively will be touched most of all by the tenderness and the melancholy that accompanied his shining achievements.

WILLIAM BARRY.

A MEDIÆVAL GARLAND.*

Mistress of two languages, Madame Darmesteter might have written the book in her native tongue as well as in that of her adopted country, but Miss Tomlinson has so entered into the spirit of the original, and has so fine a literary sense, that our loss is inconsiderable. In a field where bad work is the rule, Miss Tomlinson has gained honourable distinction, and the praise which greeted the "Marguerites des Temps Passés" on its appearance must be echoed for the "Mediæval Garland" as if it were no translation.

Madame Darmesteter's method in these pictures out of old times is neither a usual nor an obvious one. She is saturated with historical knowledge; but her historical personages—and there are a good many here—are not presented as dramatically acting out the incidents, authenticated or legendary, of their several careers. Such incidents having presumably moulded her conception of them, she lets her imagination and invention play round them freely, and her freedom, which is only another word for her perfect intimacy with their respective eras, has prevented the rigidity and the staginess of so-called historical romance. Her real powers are a fine historical sense, a poetic imagination, and a beautiful style. A born story-teller she is not. And we do not say that all the pieces in this volume are successes. Some have hardly motive enough; or are unconvincing; or the colours and lines are so faded as to be rather indecipherable. But her method should be examined in its best examples. The triumph of the book is "The Ballads of the Dauphine," being scenes from the sad career of that sad little Scottish princess who, fed on romance in her own country, found her poetic accomplishments a poor way of winning the heart of her brutal, Philistine husband, the Dauphin. The tale is put into the mouth of a girl, one of her faithful and admiring maids of honour, herself a ballad-maker, and is given as her evidence regarding her mistress's death, when interrogated by the king's judges. It is masterly, and astonishingly fresh and original from beginning to end. Here is a picture of the death-chamber. Monseigneur has bounced in, ransacked the dead woman's papers, and finding nothing save his own letters to her and her ballads and rondels, throws the letters into the fire, and smiles as he sees them burning. "And I likewise, in my corner, saw the long, beautiful papers writhing and twisting in the flames; and saw, between my tears, here and there, a word very large and distinct in the fire-light. I read, 'Toil . . . Weariness . . . Love . . . Sadness . . .' And at last, in a great jet of flame, a whole line—

"'There is nothing truer than death.'

"It was the beginning of a rondel.

"Then the flames went out, gorged with their prey, the fire itself buried and stifled by the fragments. And it seemed for a moment that the soul of Madame was likewise a dead thing, grey and dusty, like the ashes on the hearth, like the fair body I watched."

All lovers of the delicate and subtle in literature will find some hours of rare enjoyment in imaginings out of a past dreamt on and lived with till it has become a reality such as we meet rarely in books of history.

A. M.

* "A Mediæval Garland." By Madame James Darmesteter. Translated into English by May Tomlinson. 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

THE WORK OF CHARLES KEENE.*

A book that will adequately represent a great artist's work must be a costly one; we try to pretend otherwise in these days of cheap reproduction processes, but the result is always disappointing, at the best merely suggesting the original intention. It would be easily and cheaply possible to make thousands of the enjoyers of Keene's jokes the possessors of a cheerful selection of these; only Keene happened to be in the first place an artist, and only by a kind of accident one of *Punch's* jokers. Hence the need for this superb book, in which editor, publisher, and printer have collaborated with the happiest result. The closest examination, the most critical scrutiny, give the keenest enjoyment. Keene has had something like his deserts at last, in this representative selection of his studies in every medium he employed. His book illustrations, his etchings, and his *Punch* pictures are shown in different states, and reproduced by different processes. Beyond any doubt the high claims Mr. Pennell makes for him are about justified. These claims are set forth too arrogantly, of course. Mr. Pennell always writes as if he were engaged in a quarrel, and when we read that "Charles Keene is, with the possible exception of Hogarth, the greatest artist England has produced," we take it as the words of a special pleader, but one with an excellent brief. For in black and white work, who is a possible rival? Cruikshank's vulgarities, Leech's mannerisms, Du Maurier's class limitations—he is free from them all; while as a craftsman, his perfect certainty (certainty arrived at by the most elaborate care and constant study), the sense of beauty he displayed in line, and in light and shade, his masterly

From "The Work of Charles Keene." (Unwin.)

* "The Work of Charles Keene." With an Introduction and Comments on the drawings illustrating the Artist's Methods. By Joseph Pennell. To which is added a Bibliography of the Books Keene illustrated and a catalogue of his Etchings by W. H. Chesson. £3 13s. 6d. Printed at the Whitefriars Press, for T. Fisher Unwin and Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

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economy of labour, the virtue of which has hardly been enough insisted on by Mr. Pennell, give him a place among the world's artists none of his English fellow-craftsmen can claim.

Was it the lack of appreciation he met with that prevented Keene ever realising his own powers? He never did; for there are capacities suggested here by each of which he might have made a great name. The popular notion connects him with the picture of the genial drunkard, the ridiculous sportsman, the comic waiter. Of his marvellous feeling for landscape, his masterly and his delicate treatment of it, there are ample proofs. He was, too, a great romantic draughtsman. The bad reproductions of his picture for "The Cloister and the Hearth" may suggest this to the many. But there is a "King Charles in the Oak" here which is superb in its force and romantic beauty. Lately there was an opportunity for reproducing his forty delightful illustrations to Evan Harrington in *Once a Week*, but, of course, it was let slip. He might have been known as one of the great etchers—he had made the art his own—but no one seemed to want much of his work in that line, and his etchings do not number fifty. Modest, appreciated far below his worth, not very ambitious, he limited his efforts. Whether this had anything to do with his perfection within the somewhat narrow sphere he worked in is doubtful; but in that sphere he was unsurpassed. All his rivals in the delineation of character ran more or less to caricature. He was far too much a realist for that—though without any theory on the subject. The vitality of his work is marvellous. In his simple, forceful nature there was no imitation, but out of his living quality, English though he was in genius, there came something nearer to French *chic* than any other English artist has shown save Whistler. Mr. Pennell's comments on the different stages of Keene's work, on the possibilities and limits of reproducing it, are mostly useful and interesting. His selection and his plan of representing the great draughtsman are admirable, and if as usual he makes us combative here and there, and there is too much of this kind of tone—"I scarcely expect anyone to understand what I mean, or to admit it if he does"—yet with the utmost gratitude we thank him for his share in the most important, the most enjoyable, the most satisfactory Art-book of the year. To Mr. Chesson also thanks are due. In his interesting list of books illustrated by Keene one item points in a rather melancholy way to the humble work which this master artist put his hand to, and not in the beginning of his career either—the wood engravings for Dr. Baring Garrod's "Nature and Treatment of Gout," in 1859.

PROFESSOR GARDINER'S HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.*

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of Mr. Gardiner's work is its rapidity. It seems but yesterday that we welcomed the first volume of this series, and the second is due and arrives. Indeed, for many a year past his volumes might have served to mark the regular flight of time. Now, looking at the one before us, its wealth of detail, which is but a rigorous selection from boundless stores of material collected far and wide, well might one suppose it the labour of ten years. And so in one sense it is, but in another it is not. True, Mr. Gardiner approaches each successive period with a knowledge of the precise posture of affairs and of the events which led up to it, such as no other man has ever possessed before, or probably ever will again. On the other hand, unless he has lately changed the system of work which he long ago explained to me, his previous studies can hardly lighten the labour of a new volume, though they render it more efficient. For his singular and, I believe, unexampled system is never to read minutely in advance of his writing. Of course this principle would not apply to a brief, comprehensive, philosophical survey of a period; but it seems the sure foundation of historical narrative. Naturally Mr. Gardiner always knew what was coming, for all our later history is familiar enough to him; but he professed, and really tried, to ignore it in his conscientious desire to view events from the standpoint of a contemporary, unbiassed by knowledge of results, of failures or successes. His ambition was to *live* through the seventeenth century by means of its records, and, as he lived, to narrate the events as they passed before his eyes. Too judicious to attempt a useless *tour de force* like the fictitious "Diary of a Citizen in the French Revolution," he has adopted the regular historical form; but the curious contemporary spirit underlies it, and to this is due that strong, that unequalled impression of convincing veracity and solidity. We feel we are reading the news of the day, and not a modern rehearsal and rumination of mouldy journals. Mr. Gardiner's knowledge and memory are phenomenal. Some men could tell you where King Charles was and what he was doing in a given week; Mr. Gardiner could fix always the precise day. But if you enquired on some point too far ahead, the oracle, as whimsical as amiable, would refuse to pronounce—"You are asking me about October, and I have only got as far as March."

I do not pretend to have yet done more than look into the present volume. To skim it would be desecration. It calls for and it repays very slow reading—and that for pleasure as well as profit. For those who think Mr. Gardiner fatiguing, heavy, and so forth, are those who read him too fast, and sink under his weight of matter. But take time to masticate and digest the sound wholesome food he provides, and you find it more savoury than historical kickshaws. Already I have come across many of those curiosities of seventeenth century character and manners and thought, which he brings to light, and which often illuminate his page with a quaint vivacity. But there is no room to quote. Cromwell is still growing under his hand. We, and probably the author too according to his system, are anxious to know how he will turn out when Mr. Gardiner has done with him. One thing is clear, that up to now the General is a man who avoids looking too far ahead, though he has certain shrewd instincts of the future. Whether the Protector will prove a Machiavel after all, we shall know in the next volume.

One more word to point out the exceeding importance of this series. In his previous histories Mr. Gardiner was upon ground already well trodden. The period from 1650 to 1660 has never yet been scientifically explored. We have had partisan histories, eloquent lives of Cromwell and other worthies, a few political surveys and commentaries, and many attractive essays on stray points. But now for the first time we are reading the true, the full, the complete story of England in those years when Englishmen were trying to find out some way to govern themselves or be governed by anybody who could undertake the job—those years which to us seem so troublous, so strange and incomprehensible, but which, as Mr. Gardiner goes on, will appear to us as they did to those who lived through them, not so very different from other days of eating and drinking and giving in marriage, save that the daily political news was rather more interesting. Our great-grandchildren will perhaps look back aghast at the awful, tremendous, earthquaking Home Rule Crisis of 1886 and 1893, and wonder how we lived through such exciting times. And we—have already forgotten all about it. Distance may diminish; time magnifies.

Y. Y.

* "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate." By S. R. Gardiner. Vol. II. (1651-1654). Price 21s. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS.*

A new period in John Oliver Hobbes' literary career begins impressively in "The School for Saints." She has travelled far since "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," and there was need. For that was an ugly story, with a nauseating atmosphere, and the air in this one is pure even to austerity. From the first her habit of smartness has been tempered by an intellectual outlook, but here mental energy dominates the book, making it a storehouse of suggestive things, brilliant things, paradoxical things, which the reader should by no means pass by breathless for the story, for these things make all the worth of the volume. Intellect, conviction, a personal vision of life have stamped themselves on the pages, but the story, the characters, hardly ever help, and often hinder the effect. As a book it is a brilliant chaos; as a story it is a complete failure. Probably the writer had no intention of making a vivid and balanced plot; but there is clear evidence she aimed at the achievement of living human portraits. Orange is a dreary fiasco. He is the young lady's hero, handsome, aristocratic, of ancient lineage, dignified, portentously solemn, a model of piety, chivalry, and the manners of the high world, perfectly inhuman, and a consummate bore. We have met him before in the pages of Ouida, but there we could laugh at him. Here we dare not, for he is the mouthpiece of the most admirable sayings; his creator endows him with her own literary aptitudes. His gait and conduct are wearisomely

* "The School for Saints." Part of the History of the Right Honourable Robert Orange, M.P. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)

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immaculate, and his style, in detached passages ascribed to him, is delightful. The heroine, Brigit, is impossible. Bred in a convent, she yet talks and acts and comports herself at seventeen with the aplomb, the eloquence, the skill, the trained intellect of an unusually experienced woman of fifty. That she is the granddaughter of an emperor does not explain this. On one occasion we are allowed to see her as the child she must have been. "'Oh, take me away from these people. They are stronger than I am, and they frighten me. I feel my weakness. While I am with them I try to look bold and clever. But my heart always trembles, and I know that, in the end, no matter how well I fight, I must lose the day. I am like a small bird on a battle-field.'" Here for once the young fluttering girl is near us. Then Disraeli is a mere shadow; so are the Carlists. Hercy is quite unnecessary. The fairly well conceived characters are the dull Whig, Reckage—but how much better would he have been in Trollope's hands!—and Pensée Fitz-Reeves, the sentimental, kind-hearted little fool, who is cleverly suggested, and who, by a triumph of Christian feeling, is hardly ever made fun of.

English politics, the Carlist agitation, and the strong refuge of the Catholic church are the matters chosen to be welded. There is a description of an election, but the picture of the fight is blurred. The escape from Prim's soldiers is hardly more vivid. There is an enormous amount of undigested catholicity, including a long description of the *Bona Mors* ceremony, introduced apparently because Disraeli was once present, but whether he slept or scoffed or was reverential we do not learn. The *obiter dicta* on politics, on society, and human nature, are all stimulating, all excellently expressed. The Catholic attitude to life is ably and brilliantly expounded. These things are the reason for the book's being. The incidents are detached, tawdry in arrangement, never inevitable, hardly visualised. John Oliver Hobbes is always original, and her latest book demands that you should skip the story and feed on the comments and reflections.

MADAME DARMESTETER'S LIFE OF RENAN.*

Just in these proportions would Renan, we imagine, have liked the story of his life and work to be written, and even after some such style. Madame Darmesteter has caught something of the grace of the master to whose spirit she does homage, and instinctively she gives, as the great artist in book-making was wont to do, only the essential results of a hidden study, patient, detailed, and profound. For without a doubt she speaks out of a full knowledge both of the man and his services to learning and literature. In English there has been till now no such summing up of Renan's worth. We have Grant Duff's book, it is true. But it is so formless as to be nearly unreadable. It is altogether uncritical, and, with some interesting pages, contains much trifling.

The first few chapters of her monograph we judged less favourably. They were charmingly written, but they contained only what was perfectly familiar to every ordinary cultivated reader—the story of his life as told by him in the "Souvenirs." Probably there is nothing else to tell. Certainly we desire no more. But his later years Madame Darmesteter lights up by information of her own, and by admirable exposition and independent criticism, too. The glimpses she gives of him as traveller, as professor, as politician, as *savant*, as Parisian favourite, are delightful, while his aims, his methods, his attainments, and his failures, are touched on with a knowledge made the more reliable by sympathy. The style of the narrative and the expository portions is only surpassed by the perfection of the translations, which are true renderings even to the very rhythms. And yet Madame Darmesteter, who can write such excellent English, says (of two lists), "Renan's name headed either," and repeats the blunder, too.

But there is a more serious mistake. She talks of "the nation to which Renan owed all that was best in him—the nation of Goethe, etc." This is a fundamental error. Sometimes she seems to be aware of it, and to contradict herself, but realising the whole spirit of her book, we come to the conclusion she would stand by the sentence we have quoted. This points us to the source of weakness in the monograph. Something is wanting. She makes the usual biographer's mistake, and slurs over what she would fain call an accidental weakness. And, lo, it is of the very essence of the man. His Gallicism, his Celtic nature she speaks of (especially the latter, when it spells ideality), but she will not face what these mean. She plays the part of Henriette, and omits the part in him that "Henriette had not loved." And so Renan the saint, the unworldly scholar, the enthusiastic Liberal, Renan the poet and the artist, even Renan the temporary pessimist, are here portrayed with sympathy and with art; but from his exquisite, far-reaching irony, from his witty, mocking smile that melted systems and traditions, from the wholesome Gallic "frivolity" that saved this man of so much seriousness and sentiment from joining the terrible band of the solemn, she turns away, gently shocked; she keeps silence, and of her charity would fain deny this part in him. A. M.

* "The Life of Ernest Renan." By Madame James Darmesteter (A. Mary F. Robinson). 6s. (Methuen.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE NIGGER OF THE "NARCISSUS." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The crew of the good ship *Narcissus* were at first sight a particularly unattractive and ordinary set of men, and we were inclined to doubt Mr. Conrad's wisdom in devoting so much time to a description of their everyday life. Their conversation was, naturally, marked by an utter lack of literary grace, and was generally more forcible than polite, but it is here reported at great length and with extraordinary wealth of detail. It is somewhat disconcerting to come across long passages printed in the following style: "Here, sonny, take that bunk! . . . Don't you do it! . . . What's your last ship? . . . I know her. . . . No. . . . Three years ago in Puget Sound. . . . This here bunk leaks, I tell you. . . . Come and give us a chance to swing that chest. . . . Did you bring a bottle, any of you shore toffs?" and the book is largely made up of such fragmentary conversations. And yet, in spite of an over minute method that in such a novel, where there is little plot to hurry the reader on, might easily become irritating and irksome, Mr. Conrad succeeds in interesting us in no ordinary degree. Before many chapters are passed we begin to experience a feeling of good comradeship with his rough-and-ready heroes. Jimmy, the nigger, is the only member of the crew with whom we are entirely out of sympathy. Belfast, Archie, Old Singleton, and the skulking Donkin are strikingly true to life. At the end of the book we seem to have worked with them for years. With Mr. Conrad we can say, they were "as good a crowd as ever fisted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy foresail; or tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell to a westerly gale." It says much for the strength and charm of Mr. Conrad's peculiar talent that after reading "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*," we feel that the next time we have to cross the Atlantic we shall shun the delights of a "first saloon" on a gigantic liner, and work our passage across in the forecastle of some trading vessel. We would put up with a deal of discomfort for the chance of spending some weeks in the company of the crew of the *Narcissus*.

SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P. By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is a new departure for Mr. Pett Ridge, if we are not mistaken. The love-story is a quite serious one, so much so that for light entertainment we fall back on the minor romance of an amusing couple, a hardworking barrister who plays the idler with grace, and a young writer of fiction who snubs him till she makes up her mind she is in love, and then, being a clear-brained girl, never snubs him any more at all. The hero is a trifle disappointing from the amusement point of view. The fact is, we have got spoilt by Prince Florizel, and the idea of a prince incognito for serious philanthropic purposes, was not to our light mind of the moment. It is only just to say that his fiancée's dealings with Nihilists and other suspect persons give to his romance exciting moments. Though not consistently comic like the rest of Mr. Ridge's work as we know it, there is abundance of quick wit and humorous characterisation in his latest story.

THE BARN STORMERS. *Being the Tragical Side of a Comedy.* By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Few livelier novels of theatrical life have been written. "The Barn Stormers" will prove excellent amusement for an hour or two. Readers need not fear the second title, and they

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will not, for they must guess from the first that the millionaire providence will always step in just when things are at their worst with Monica. The fortunes of the Scott Ambler Comedy Company, touring through Ohio, contain plenty of tragedies, sordid enough some of them, but the narrator has touched them with a sympathetic humour; and though there were brutes and fools in the band which the English convent-bred girl joined with such lofty ambitions, and incidents perilous enough, laughter is mostly uppermost, and in the darkest time hope gleams ahead bearing the name of Randolph. We leave Monica to her millions with the desire that her historian may follow up this success with another story as able and vivacious as "The Barn Stormers."

THE TREE OF LIFE. By Netta Syrett. 6s. (John Lane.)

Toujours la femme incomprise! We are truly sorry that Miss Netta Syrett has fallen a victim to this epidemic of so-called "modernity." Her first book, "Nobody's Fault," interested us, because in it there appears, as far as we know for the first time in fiction, a true and faithful picture of the life of a high-schoolmistress. The chapters in "The Tree of Life" which describe Christine's experiences at college make excellent reading, but the greater part of the book is forced and unreal. Dr. Willowfield, Christine's dry-as-dust father, and Farborough, the husband, who misunderstands her most thoroughly, are really impossibly heartless personages, and Christine herself is so hysterical that we do not find it easy to sympathise with her undeniably hard lot. "The Tree of Life" is cleverly written, but we are hardly convinced that it was worth writing.

DEBORAH OF TOD'S. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

The woman who grows up alone in the country in a child-like innocence of the world and its ways often makes a useful heroine for a romantic novel, but is very seldom a convincing figure. Deborah of Tod's was so ignorantly innocent that she did not even see through the pitifully weak ruses of the worn-out rake, General Sir Arthur d'Alton, and yet from the first we believe in her. In a spirit of hero-worship she marries the General, and the book is the story of her awakening and disenchantment. Mrs. de la Pasture writes with remarkable vividness, and her picture of Deborah's introduction into London society is one of the best things to be found in the fiction of the year. The members of the General's family and their many friends are all brilliantly realised. The men, it is true, are for the most part rather grotesque caricatures, but the various portraits of the society woman in all her pathetic worldliness and flippancy are excellent. It is in the portrayal of the male characters of the book that Mrs. de la Pasture is least convincing. The General himself is rather a shadowy personage, lacking somewhat in individuality. He only interests us because he is Deborah's husband. "Deborah of Tod's" is, however, a strong and refreshing book, and the author is to be sincerely congratulated on having produced a novel which, from first to last, will hold the attention of the most jaded reader.

ON THE KNEES OF THE GODS. By A. F. P. Harcourt. 2 vols. 12s. (Bentley.)

This is a story of Indians and Anglo-Indians, and too much of it is concerned with the tame gaieties of station life. A high-caste baronet loves the beautiful Hazel, the child of a very inferior official, a poor depressed creature, very conscious of his position. The baronet's mind is as lofty as his rank, and he would have ignored differences, but we can see how lamentable it would have all been, and the writer could hardly have sanctioned such a mésalliance. So a confession is wrung from the depressed low-grade official that she is no child of his at all, but a cousin of the baronet's—whereupon we breathe freely. There is a livelier portion which tells of a horrible native plot to carry off the beautiful Hazel; and a scoundrelly half-caste who did no good in real life is of service to the reader in thickening the plot and dyeing it a darker hue.

THE SINGER OF MARLY. By I. Hooper. Illustrated by W. Cubitt Cooke. 6s. (Methuen.)

If there were but a few marvels less in this romance there would be more genuine entertainment. It is a clever, well-written story, only overcrowded with picturesque bits, and with a few absolute incredibilities. That Sir Lucius, good fellow as he was, would have consented to the unholy trick that gave his beloved daughter an impostor for her betrothed husband, with the full knowledge that she would be widowed in six months, revolts us even in romance. Beside that the coincidence of Lux finding his half-brother and his mourning wife, who thinks him at the galleys, when he is sold as a slave in Martinique, is a minor affair to be lightly swallowed. There are pretty passages and there are striking ones; and if the author will be more sparing of the marvellous, his success as an amusing story-writer is assured.

BUSHIGRAMS. By Guy Boothby. Illustrated. 5s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

We much regret that Mr. Guy Boothby has not vouchsafed us a definition of the truly wonderful title which he has given to his new book. After careful consideration, we have decided to supply the omission, and we offer the following to the compiler of the next "complete" dictionary:—"Bushigrams. A collection of short stories prefixed by an apposite poetical quotation or a few lines from scripture, many of them very good, a few bad, and some decidedly indifferent, all eminently suitable for publication in the popular magazines of the day. The common belief that Bushigrams deal with the bush is entirely erroneous. Many Bushigrams are merely histories of mild flirtations in a colonial ballroom." Seriously, we think such a description would be a fair criticism of this collection of exceedingly miscellaneous short stories. Mr. Boothby has evidently written them in very high spirits in the intervals between more serious compositions, and, as every one knows by this time, Mr. Boothby is never by any chance dull. We can think of no book which would come as a greater godsend to the man whose stock of after-dinner stories is getting dangerously low. Indeed, Mr. Boothby seems to have fully realised the needs of such a gentleman, for he writes in a very conversational style, and continually punctuates his anecdotes with such asides as, "Now you must remember this point or you won't see the beauty of what follows," or, "The story up till now is of course very ordinary, but the sequel is enough to make a dingo laugh." And, furthermore, he has kindly printed in italics the sentences over which the teller of the story should linger most impressively. Thus, "*but...there ...she...was...mistaken,*" or "he...was...horrified...to...find... it...gone."

FANTASIAS. By George Egerton. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

Whatever was bold or naughty in "Keynotes" and its successors has vanished, and in its place we see nothing but insignificance. The sketches in George Egerton's latest book are mild and dull allegories, such as young persons of much vague sentiment and little knowledge of life find their easiest expression in, the gospel behind being that of the Pioneer Club, somewhat weakened. The symbolism is not always very successful. The woman with an inordinate love of porridge standing for the Philistine, and the huntsman who hunted butterflies on horseback for Don Juan, are unhappily chosen, we think. There is less extravagance of language than formerly, but we come across such doubtful phrases as "eyes filled with luminous speering and inborn sadness." Is "speering" English or Scots? Either way, it is misspelt. Her old habit of coining words is not yet successful. "Advertisive" is surely a bad shot; and what is one to say of anyone who pretends to style, and makes use of the vulgarism "common or garden"? As for the matter of it all, it is old and trite and true—the loneliness of genius, the grossness of the world, the love of lying. Great themes, but feeble sentimental grumblings will not wake us up anew to the truth of the charge, and the pity of it.

MRS. JOHN FOSTER. By Charles Granville. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The main subject of this story is so repulsive to modern readers of all shades and grades of opinion that the author's choice can only be put down to sheer perversity. It was not even necessary for the tragedy related here. In fact we are at war with Mr. Granville throughout. Not the woman, but Francis Atherton, is the figure of tragic and pathetic interest. He, coldly innocent, abnormally ignorant of the world, gained his knowledge through a sudden unwarned uprising of animal instincts in himself while in the company of one woman, and by the discovery of the monstrous love which another felt for him. The revelation woke up the cold dreamer to realities. He became a man, and expiated his ignorance and its consequences in fighting heathendom. The woman, Mrs. Foster, is not tragic, merely perverted. But, indeed, the whole of this able book is an error of judgment.

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THE FALL OF THE SPARROW. By M. C. Balfour. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is one of the most promising and original novels which the season has produced. It is by no means faultless. A certain want of balance and coherence is visible; the plot is too disjointed, and Miss Balfour has overcrowded her canvas. There is no one central and dominant figure in her picture, and though all the minor characters are sketched in with a firm hand, they are often placed too much in the foreground. One or two episodes, good in themselves, are quite superfluous. But these are, after all, mere errors in detail; the chief thing is that "The Fall of the Sparrow" is a strong and earnest book, written with considerable charm of style and full of subtle characterisation. Miss Balfour is at times a trifle bitter and cynical, but her description of the rise, fall, and regeneration of Borthwick, the overwrought preacher in the East End, is pathetic and tender in the extreme. "The Fall of the Sparrow" is emphatically a book to be read and remembered.

A DESERTER FROM PHILISTIA. By E. Phipps Train. 3s. 6d. (Bowden.)

The motive of this story is one of living interest, and only a writer with an uncommon sense of the real tragedy and pathos of life could have conceived it. The heroine is a rich and successful dancer, a virtuous woman, whose life, since she took to the stage, has been exemplary. Her daughter Lisa she has given up to the nuns to educate, so that her young mind may not run the risk of tarnish. The daughter is a true child of the convent. The tragedy of the end comes naturally and fatally from these circumstances. Lisa condemns her mother's profession when she learns it, and plucks from her mother's life its one chance of great happiness, an honourable marriage, because it will involve a divorce. She, young, untempted, fortunate, accepts her own bright lot, and feels she has saved her mother's soul. We cannot say as much in praise of the style of the book as we do for the interest of the plot. In fact, we have sometimes found the manner unbearable while admiring the talent of the writer.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM JOHN BUTLER, late Dean of Lincoln and sometime Vicar of Wantage. With Portraits. (Macmillan and Co., Ld.)

It will be a satisfaction to many to have a record of Dean Butler's life. He was not indeed a great man, but he was a strong and an attractive man, very sincere and earnest in his work, and with considerable power of influencing others; in every respect a good specimen of the best type of English Church clergyman. He attached himself to the High Church party, and was not averse to being stamped as a Puseyite, or as his German friend called it, a "Posuit." The Head of a Sisterhood, eager on such points as early communion and confession, he yet tempered his enthusiasms with a wholesome dash of English common-sense. During the Franco-German war he went to be of what service he could under the Red Cross, and his letters home form an interesting episode in an otherwise uneventful life. Many letters from Keble are given in the volume, and there is also printed the manifesto on the subject of confession.

TOM, UNLIMITED. A Story for Children. By Martin Leach Warborough. Illustrated by Miss Gertrude Bradley. 5s. (Grant Richards.)

The children climbed over the ivory gate and found themselves outside time and space, and in a very queer kind of muddle. They saw the Great Pyramid, and Cologne Cathedral, and the Taj Mahal, and the Grand Stand at Epsom, and Niagara, and Mudie's, and the Kremlin all at once, and it was very interesting and very disconcerting. They could be anywhere they liked in space and time, and they chose Assyrians for company. Rameses was unamiable at first, and would have done awful vengeance on the young barbarians, had not his executioners, who showed off so finely, found their knives would not work outside their own era. Recalled to reason, he recovered his temper, grew entertaining, recited his own poetry—which was excellent, though he contrived to say nasty things in it about the English language. His poor head had suffered from the awful muddle. There he was, with his instinct for taking care of himself, and of arguing and commanding, and the children all the time declaring they had seen him a mummy at the British Museum. This satire on metaphysics is excellent fooling. Will children like it? It is unsafe to prophesy. This kind of thing is common enough to raise a laugh in the simplest of them. "'The great philosopher, Kant—' [Charlie, the Prig, has been speaking.]—'If the great philosopher can't, it's plain you won't be able,' Tom interposed somewhat sneeringly." But when it rises beyond the level of the school-boy's comic paper, only the subtler little brains will follow the joke. They will share it with their elders.

LULLABY LAND. Songs of Childhood. By Eugene Field. Selected by Kenneth Grahame. 5s. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. (Lane.)

Seldom is such perfect collaboration seen as here. Mr. Kenneth Grahame and Mr. Robinson are princes among the guides back to childhood's land, and in an edition of Eugene Field prepared by one and pictorially interpreted by the other, author and editor and picture-maker are equally in luck. It is said that children do not read Stevenson's "Child's Garden," though our experience does not bear this out. But the criticism that he planted nearly all the favourite flowers of childhood save tenderness is sounder. Eugene Field had all the genius for witty and sonorous nonsense of Edward Lear or Lewis Carroll; he was as fine a player at the grand game of Make-believe as Stevenson; and he had a tenderness besides that breathed out simply and strongly as it does from the folk lullabies that are old as the world and natural as the rise of the sun and the passing of day. The one of his songs that has the widest reputation is "Wynkin, Blynkin, and Nod." It is not alone in its delightful beauty, but has several rivals, and the sweetest of all is that which opens the book—

> "The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street,
> Comes stealing; comes creeping;
> The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
> And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
> She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
> When she findeth you sleeping!"

THE MONKEY THAT WOULD NOT KILL. Stories by Henry Drummond. With 16 full-page illustrations by Louis Wain. 2s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Professor Drummond was once left in charge of a children's magazine, and a contributor of fiction failing, he found it necessary to take his place. He did it with very happy results, writing stories for his young readers as if to the manner born. "The Monkey that would not Kill," under the different names of Tricky and Gum, is the most spirited of heroes, a player of many parts both valiant and funny. His conduct during the burglarious assault on his master was a noble climax to a career that showed amazing and amusing impudence in its beginning, and astonishing vitality throughout.

WELLINGTON: His Comrades and Contemporaries. By Major Arthur Griffiths. Illustrated. (G. Allen.)

Major Griffith's best energies have been given to the military aspect of Wellington's career, and for a short popular sketch it could hardly be bettered from that point of view. But he is unwilling to leave his hero a great commander and nothing more. The late unpopularity of the great Duke as a man is a sore subject with him, and he writes heartily in defence of his hero's private virtues and political capacity. Here he is less successful, not that a good case might not be made out, but he deals too much in generalities, and the best story of the hero's tender-heartedness has been told of someone else. The brief accounts of Cotton, Beresford, Craufurd, Moore, and others of Wellington's companions, are fine appreciations of men whose services have too often been overshadowed by those of their great contemporary. The collection of pictures and prints in the volume is of immense interest.

POEMS OF THE LOVE AND PRIDE OF ENGLAND. By F. and M. Wedmore. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

The editors of this anthology confess to having found a difficulty in finding worthy verse in praise of England among the older poets. Patriotic rhymes are fashionable now, and in recent times have been fairly common. Well, first it must be remembered the object of worship is England, not Ireland or Scotland, whose peoples have loved the soil and sung to it as to a mistress, as distinct from merely loving the power, the resources, the fame of the land, the more strictly English attitude. Englishmen sing England, but England with a breath of empire in it. And so you are more likely to get a "Rule Britannia" than "The Fair Hills o' Holy Ireland," or "Hame, hame, hame,

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fain wad I be." Not that the more intimate affection is unknown, but it is not national. And if one were to judge solely by this anthology, patriotism is neither a potent nor a happy inspiration with English poets. Many of the poems admitted are distinctly poor things. For reasons of copyright Tennyson and Kipling have had to be omitted, and so others have been drawn on disproportionately to their worth. From so small a collection one demands exquisiteness, and, irreverent or not, one must say that some old things from the Pepys collection and the Roxburghe ballads are dull doggerel, while among the verse of to-day even Dr. Conan Doyle's Bowmen's Song shines out with distinction. Separate great deeds we may sing well enough, but general bumptiousness about our mission as a colonising power evidently makes bad verse. In old days men made the empire by hard knocks and doughty persistence. They were fighting for their own hand, and they knew it. We use the same means now, and have the same motives; but we hide them under canting phrases, and revolted truth hinders poetry from helping us.

The anthology could have been better, but only on a different plan. The editors have been too consistent to one narrow idea, and too timid. They have actually been afraid of party feeling, and of "local attachment and local prowess." As if nine-tenths of genuine national feeling were not expressed in love for one hill or dale, or one cause or one leader, or one brave local deed, or a girl whose fame exceeded not the boundaries of her parish. The more strongly individual is the feeling the more national will be the final effect. All the good verse in the book—save Shakespeare's—is individual. But "Chevy Chase" should have been here, and bits from Chaucer, and from William Barnes's praise of Blackmore Vale; Hawker's Cornish Songs should have found a place, and the "Geste of Robin Hood," and that brave ballad, "When Captains Courageous." Blake's War Song, and passages from his "Edward III.," would have fitted even into the editors' narrow plan.

LIVES OF GREAT ITALIANS. By Frank Horridge. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)

The writer of these essays is evidently interested in Italian history and literature, and has taken pains to inform himself on the facts of the great lives he deals with. His representative Italians, by the way, are Dante, Petrarch, Carmagnola, Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Goldoni, Alfieri, Cavour, and Victor Emanuel. He names his sources in the preface, and they are reliable and authoritative. Using Mr. Horridge's compilation then as one would a popular biographical dictionary, one must own its careful work and its abundant information. As a book to read it is distracting. We can only explain its extraordinary and sometimes quite unintelligible style by thinking the author has frequently written from memory unconscious, almost literal, and quite unliterary translations of passages of the Italian books he consulted. Clumsy and confusing it is in the extreme, but with perseverance we have generally solved the puzzles of wording and construction. We give up one on p. 428, which wraps about a joke of Alfieri's.

MOUNTAIN, STREAM, AND COVERT. Sketches of Country Life and Sport in England and Scotland. By A. Innes Shand. Illustrated. (Seeley.)

In a pleasant, desultory kind of way Mr. Shand takes us into his confidence as to the good times he has had shooting and fishing, and even wandering in the open air, for he really talks as if tramping and sauntering might be worth while when there was nothing to kill. The English squire, the Highland laird, the tramp professional and amateur, have a kindly painter in him. He knows country life in several European countries. But it is when he takes us down to the loch or the river-side, with gun and rod, that we find him to be not a mere pleasant writer but a man of special knowledge. The pictures of animals and of rural scenes are of various degrees of merit.

MODERN FRANCE, 1789-1895. By André Lebon. Story of the Nations. 5s. (Unwin.)

We have here the translation of a useful book. It is written by a practical politician, who is also an exceptionally cultivated man. His simple plan must commend itself to the men of the world among his readers. "Where a political system has failed," he says, "I have tried to show its obvious defects and not its hidden virtues"—highly practical this, if not deeply philosophical. Frankly democratic in tone, but never fanatic, and distinctly capable of taking large surveys, M. Lebon is a safe and most convenient guide to the conditions of present-day France. He is a critic of his country, but a hopeful one. Though much compression has had to be used, he has emphasised the personal element, clearly associating the ideas, experiments, discoveries, with the men who fought for these. Perhaps an almost disproportionate amount of space is taken up with the record of achievements in the worlds of science, art, and letters, but it increases its merit as a book of reference that it finds space for acknowledging the work of Forain, Père Montsabré, and Lemaître. But Guyau's name is misspelt on p. 430.

PRACTICAL IDEALISM. By William De Witt Hyde. (Macmillan.)

The trail of the American "summer school" is over this terribly universal book. We can imagine the crowds of earnest young men and women who sat and drank in greedily this draught of psychology, natural science, theories of art, sociology, and ethics, when it was given at Colorado Springs, at Chicago, and at the Chautauqua Assembly. They must have felt very good and cultured at the end, and though the intellectual and sentimental syllabub is not very nutritious, it is delightfully varied and refined in flavour. But when the earnest-minded lecturer is out of sight, one grows critical. To listen to longwinded quotations from nice-minded nobodies, and from Browning and Matthew Arnold, may hypnotise us into acceptance of doubtful scientific axioms and attitudes, and shaky artistic dicta, but met with in black and white they must be challenged on every page. "The ideal arises out of a felt contrast between what we have and what we want." Such a statement represents the average unthinking person's notion of the ideal; but it is startling to find it in the mouth of a trainer of the mind. There is a tell-tale passage in which he contrasts the "pleasant and fertile fields of psychology" with the "thinner air of the more forbidding realm of logic." Fertile psychology may be, but hardly pleasant to "summer" students if tackled seriously. And though readers will find nothing that is not nice and refined and Christian in the attitude towards life, we doubt if such a mush of sentiment and pretentious theory does more than swell the heads and tickle the vanities of appreciative listeners and readers.

DECORATIVE HERALDRY. A Practical Handbook of its Artistic Treatment. By G. W. Eve. 10s. 6d. net. (G. Bell).

By this book Mr. Eve fills up a gap. Heralds, professional and amateur, have written copiously on their science, but the artistic side of the subject has received comparatively little attention. There has been a heraldic revival of late years, yet students in search of the best examples have had to make their investigations mostly unaided. Mr. Eve has simplified the matter wonderfully by his admirably concise treatise and his splendid collection of designs, systematically arranged and intelligently commented on. Into a by no means large volume he has compressed a marvellous amount of information. A word should be said for the capital colour printing.

A BENEDICTINE MARTYR IN ENGLAND. Being the Life and Times of the Venerable Servant of God, Dom John Roberts, O.S.B By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. 6s. (Bliss, Sands.)

The martyr was a Welshman converted in Paris, trained in the English College of Valladolid, who became a zealous propagandist of the ancient faith in England; and after suffering various imprisonments, was gibbeted at Tyburn in 1610. The scared and suspicious authorities tried to prove his guilty knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot, but failed. Fearless missionary determination was the only charge against him at the end. That he was a man of singular zeal and dignity and saintly life Dom Bede Camm gives abundant evidence, without, however, bringing us very near to him personally. His book is crammed with research, but the resultant facts are mainly about the companions of Roberts, the Catholic controversies and squabbles, the Benedictine propaganda in England, and the establishments of the order in Flanders and Spain. Of the care spent in this too much cannot be said The book, somewhat disappointing as a biography, is a storehouse of facts concerning the Catholic history of the times, especially in the bye-paths of that history; a merit which is against its interest with the general reader. The most graphic portion is a quotation from Luis Munoz' life of Luisa de Carvajal, describing the supper in the prison the night before Roberts's execution, arranged by that remarkable woman, the friend of the persecuted Catholics in England, at which she and twenty prisoners for conscience sake sat down. "The meal was a devout and a joyful one,

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heavenly the refreshments ministered to the guests, great the fervour and spiritual delight which our Lord bestowed on His valiant soldiers, giving them that peace that passeth all understanding. Scarcely anyone thought of eating. Some were shedding tears of joy at the hope which, in our Lord, they had of sitting down in a few hours at a divine banquet, where God ministers Himself to His elect. The others were gazing at them with eyes full of holy envy."

A Selection from THE POEMS OF MATHILDE BLIND. Edited by Arthur Symons. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)

This selection contains the best of Miss Blind's poetry, which proves Mr. Symons to be an excellent editor—somewhat to our surprise, for we had not thought his poetic sympathies had reached so wide as to include this perfervid, rather formless, very feminine verse. Perhaps she ought to have been edited by one of her own school, a poet of yesterday's aspirations and theories rather than to-day's; and yet she is fortunate in an editor who, through much rhetoric and some incoherent sentiment, finds her verse "more immediately the utterance of a particular, most brave and ardent soul, than almost any similar body of poetic work." And with his judgments we are in complete agreement. "She was a poet, almost in spite of herself. It was direct, and not directed, emotion which gave her verse its share of that rapture without which poetry cannot exist. But she had confidence in the plenary inspiration of first thoughts; and her work remains a suggestion, rather than an accomplishment, of what she might have done."

THE GLASGOW SCHOOL OF PAINTING. By David Martin. With an Introduction by F. H. Newbery. 10s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

The most significant and interesting fact about this book is that it has been written. Outside artistic circles it will emphasise the importance of the most vigorous, the most individual art movement that these islands have seen since that of the Pre-raphaelites, which it will probably surpass in the durability of its influence. In Munich, in Paris, the value of the work of the Glasgow men is fully appreciated; it is Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Macaulay Stevenson, and their distinguished comrades, that most honourably represent British art to some of the best foreign critics. This wanted saying for the average exhibition-goer in London. But it should have been said by an articulate person. Mr. Martin is a painter. He should stick to his own medium. The despised critic has his justification in a book so vague, so ill-expressed, so uninforming as this. "In short, Alexander Roche is always artistic in the fullest sense of the word," is a fair sample of the kind of useless comment of which the studies are made up. In far too few cases does Mr. Martin give the whereabouts of the painters' works, a grave omission. Mr. Newbery's Introduction is better, but incomplete. He seems to take little count of one important influence in the rise of the school—the place of its birth, amid the warm-natured, poetical Celtic people of the West, unspoilt by the traditional rigid culture of Edinburgh and the East. The pictures are fairly well selected, and they are motive enough for buying the book.

SONGS FROM PRUDENTIUS. Translated by Ernest Gilliat Smith. 5s. (Lane.)

The greatest of the Latin Christian poets is not easy to render adequately in English. His fervour, his mysticism merge often into vague rhetoric. There is no evenness of inspiration. As in our own Crashaw, there are only isolated passages of great brilliancy and spiritual meaning. The failure of interest in the translation must generally be referred back to the original, for on the whole Mr. Smith has done his work wonderfully well. His version is very intelligent, always literary, occasionally very poetic. The *Cathemerinon*, the Hymn to Christ, he has rendered most impressively, and likewise the still more beautiful song, "At the Burial of the Dead"—

> "O Mother Earth, cherish and tend it,
> Embrace it in thy gentle bosom;
> 'Tis the form of a man that I give thee,
> An ark of gold battered and broken,
> Which once was the home of a spirit."

The immortality of the soul has never been sung more exultantly than by this early Christian poet, who watches the scattering of the ashes by the winds and the waves, with the trusty belief,

> "God knoweth the home of its essence."

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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A. D.—Pretty. You have some talent for writing verse. There are one or two awkward changes of tense, which, I think, obscure the meaning.

A. F. G.—Much above the average. The plot is distinctly clever. R. is a borrowed character, and the uncle is too violently wicked, but the two young people are skilfully suggested. Writing fair. Too much description in chaps. 5 and 7. This is worth working at.

A. H. C.—Poor verses. There are so many rhymes for "sun" that you need not have used "come." But the main faults are the awkward words and the absence of music.

E. ARNOLD.—I advise you to omit some of the stanzas. It is too long to sing, and the phrases are rather rhetorical. But it is much above the average of such verse.

EVERETT ARNOLD.—Correct and conscientious, but rather dull in style, and not very interesting in thought and sentiment. There is not much pleasure to be got out of this kind of verse.

BALOO.—I cannot well judge of the prospects of the sketch from this portion. It begins fussily; indeed the style everywhere wants directness and simplicity. As it continues it grows a little dull, but I can imagine interesting scenes to come.

BOUVARDIA.—A touching story excellently told. You should have no difficulty in placing in a story paper anything so brief, business-like, and telling. The dialect is well managed, and not in the least unintelligible.

BRECKLAND.—About your own case. Merciless self-criticism is the best cure. A vow to abstain from adjectives, or from more than a certain number of any kind of words, would be wholesome, if you kept it. A habit of logical thought would slowly, but surely, put a stopper on your fluency. About your friend. Is the MS. sent seriously? If it is, which I can hardly believe, you prevent any criticism by the circumstance you state concerning its author.

BRIAND CAMILLES.—A clever story, but with a rather humdrum ending. You can write well, I judge from some portions. But there is much to improve in the MS.—awkward repetitions of words, a want of simplicity of phrase, etc. Work at it, before you send it out.

CAPRICE.—Their meaning is very obscure. I think I understand No. 1, in which there are pretty lines, but Nos. 2 and 3 are quite beyond me. I see you are struggling to utter something transcendental. Do you know what? I have found one or two faults in rhythm, and some bad rhymes. "Brokenly" and "ecstasy" will hardly do.

C. G. Y.—Much above the average of religious verse. You have a tendency to lengthiness which you should break yourself of; and occasionally the thought is not worth the careful verse that enwraps it. But on the whole your poems are sympathetic and well made.

CINORA.—No. Not quite "up to normal." And, besides, popular magazines hate verse. You have facility, but you do not feel any pressing need to write. I think No. 1 is pretty in a sentimental way, but you are fortunate if stanza 2 echoes your experience.

D. H. Y.—Send Nos. 1 and 4. Too many familiar echoes in 2. No. 3 is dull, and I think a line must be omitted.

DOM PEDRO.—Fair. Given the opening circumstances, one guesses all the rest easily. It is a little too obvious, and written after not the best of old-fashioned models. But it is careful work, and its sentiments are popular.

DRAPEAU.—Mildly interesting, and written with average ability. Try an ordinary story paper, but a journal that circulates in military stations would be the likeliest to take it.

DUNKELD.—Slight. Incomplete as a character sketch, and not very interesting. It would do to weave into a story.

EX-P. T.—Very immature. It has the makings of a story that would interest elementary teachers, but it wants grit. The sentiment is too much on the surface. Composition fair.

E. S. (Warrington)—The first two lines are good. Your inspiration gave out there.

F. (illegible), West Kirby.—Examine and lament over that sentence beginning on p. 1, "Surely no author," and ending—well, not soon enough. This is not happy—"Tommy is the skeleton of the story." I

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guess your meaning. The criticism is appreciative and intelligent, but it is loosely written.

F. H. F.—Your strong convictions are most respectworthy, and probably in conversation you might make converts. But do not write for the cause. Above all, do not show this MS., as the world is a mocking one. If you do ever try literary composition again, avoid italics, and do not try to frame aphorisms.

GARCON.—This won't do at all. There is neither rhyme nor reason in it, and certainly no comedy. Your last thing had some merit. This has none. I must candidly say, Put it aside, and if, a year after this, you wonder why you wrote it, you will be in a fitter state to do something good. The spelling, by the way, is awful, but that is a minor matter. Please attend literally to the rules of this department.

G. M. (Clifton.)—I should advise you submitting the work to two or three good firms, making sure they publish the kind of thing you offer. If the result be unfavourable abide by their opinion. Do not pay for the cost of publishing a book of that length.

GOLDEN RAIN.—Very unpretentious. Simplicity is a good thing, but one may be over simple by using too little of the stuff of thought and imagination. If you recognise the fun of stanza 4, "Houses," etc.—it is unconsciously worthy of Calverley—you are promising. The verses do not call for much criticism, and hardly allow me to judge what your capabilities might be, if your ambition were roused.

G. W. C.—You may send two or three if they are quite short.

K. HINTON.—Have tackled it several times, but found it nearly illegible though very neat. So far as I can make out it shows considerable imagination, and is written in a dignified (sometimes rather pompous) style. You would find difficulty in getting it accepted, as the subject is not popular.

H. K.—Lively, and in its own way well written. The mock-serious style is kept up, and the jokes are popular. A story paper would take it, probably.

H. K.—Adelphi stage pathos, but very taking, I am sure. The death in the workhouse would make a fine scene on the boards. But if you want to make the thing really popular, reconcile the husband and wife, and let her live. Then a story-paper might take it, but not for its literary merits.

H. R. E.—Much improved. You might make it one of a series, written for your own self-improvement. You have read too little to be a critic yet. There is a suggestion for another paper on p. 7.

H. R. W.—Not very promising. You waste time criticising the critics. You should begin your own work promptly. And don't write in a scolding fashion. I have read the article twice, and I think criticism is not the kind of writing in which you would succeed. You have strong likes—not always for the best—and strong dislikes, and you express them loudly. Possibly you have not read enough yet to have a sense of proportion or any high standard of literary excellence. Don't trust for emphasis to underlining. The verse is poor.

JAN.—Far from commonplace. You'll do something with the work-songs yet. They are nearly successful. But the noise and movement will suggest better rhythms and better points of observation. It is quite worth while your going on.

J. A. P.—Line 4, "Inspire us with" should be "suggest to us." The introduction is lengthy, the style stilted. Get rid of the big words and the wrongly used ones—"the abduction of the plate," p. 8—and you might make something of the story. To make it a good detective tale, the mystery wants thickening.

J. I. W. (N.Z.).—Shows imagination and a fair command of words.

J. K.—Sonnets of average merit. The figures of speech are a little trite, especially in the "Sunset" one. "Youth" is better, but neither has enough thought, nor the right kind of thought, in it for a good sonnet.

J. M.—No. I do not advise you to publish them in book form, a costly and unsatisfactory amusement.

J. M. B.—Pretty, but there is an ungrammatical change of mood in the refrain.

J. S. W.—No, to be quite candid, it is not poetry. It is the rhetorical expression of nice feeling. Sorry not to be more encouraging to anyone so much in earnest, and who has evidently a good deal to say worth saying. I hope you will say it in good prose. But don't think of depending on literary earnings.

LAODAMIA.—Very lugubrious. You should give up bicycling for a time; it is evidently making you morbid. The story is an interesting "hark-back" to the old-fashioned Sunday-school tale of the harrowing death-bed. To a non-bicyclist this sounds like an anti-climax, "Verily a day in which to live is to rejoice, and verily a day for cycling." Try the comic style next time, with the same characters.

L. M. J.—Too young ladyish in style and sentiment. I do not think it very promising. But it would be worth while curing yourself of such an elementary fault as separating complete sentences by commas.

EVELYN MCADAM.—This is not very promising. If I may judge from this specimen I should say writing verse would not be good for you. Don't allow yourself to write anything without some thought in it.

M. MCA.—Interesting to the worthy's fellow townsmen. Of its kind it is good, but its kind has had a short-lived popularity—small wonder. The want of a classical education need not stand in your way. But take strong literary meat—English grown. The local produce is not good for you.

M. F.—Very carefully worked out. But the subject is one that can very inadequately be expounded by such a sober, plodding method as yours. The part imagination plays can be better understood by suggestion than exposition. The contrast of a fact as it appears in the mind of an ordinary man of the world and of a poet, and a concrete example of the influence the poet's conception has on the world, would have saved you much argument.

M. G. P.—Correct, but written on a rather pompous model. It is at once vague and formal—an unhappy combination. And yet I think you have some poetry stuff in you.

MONTGOMERY.—Most uncourteous. The model lover is polite even in desperate circumstances. When he has been deceived he desires to die himself; he does not wish "her deep, deep in the grave."

MULVANY.—Good work. You write a clear, dignified, and business-like style, not very attractive, but fitted for the greater portion of your narrative. In an essay of this kind you should name your sources. Mr. Standish O'Grady is probably one. His "Flight of the Eagle" should be referred to, as readers like to know where they may find history picturesquely dealt with. You might offer this to a magazine, but in Ireland it would have most chance.

NEPHEW.—Thoughtful. More involved in style than the subject demands. This is an intellectual exercise in the analysis of the mind of the passionate man, incomplete but interesting. Now make a literary exercise of it. This is just the kind of subject where short, bright sentences tell

NEW CALEDONIA.—A melancholy subject for so much sonneteering. The verse is very imposing. "The featured metropole" is quite in the grand style. But now and again you are so abstruse that I have given up all attempts to understand. What are the "fiascoes that may yield some sighed-for title"? And what is the meaning of the mystic lines that end No. 4?

RIENZI.—Middling. The satire is not very pointed, but it is good-natured. I should not advise you to offer the essay save in an unambitious direction.

R. K. C.—The second patriotic song is the best; the two last stanzas are really good; the first three contain very popular sentiments, but are expressed in a more commonplace way; and even British "little children" are not in the habit of giving their lives for their country. But the song would be much liked. The first is awkward in rhythm; it would not sing. The love-song is interesting and mysteriously romantic, and the humorous one was worth while writing. Your rhythms are jolting and unmusical, but the verses are promising, and if you choose your papers well, they might be accepted.

SCOTT, LONDON.—I feel diffident in offering an opinion, fresh as I am from the perusal of your strictures on critics. But I take courage to say, since you feel strongly, try to feel clearly. Don't rhapsodise, or use hysterical language. You will hit all the harder—and they deserve it—for aiming well and with a practised hand and eye.

SCRIBE.—A good average sermon. But you tease and niggle about the word "add" far too much.

S. M. B.—Unexceptionable sentiments quite nicely worded. Such verses are often a comfort to the writer, and therefore worth making, though they do not appeal to anyone else. Why do you treat the word Moses as if it were a quotation?

SPECTATOR.—It contains many shrewd lessons for preachers I do not doubt, but as a story it is dull. Kezia is very lengthy. You might offer it to a Nonconformist paper, but I fear they would not think it lively enough.

TWO FRIENDS.—I have read all the verses and papers with much interest, and think them on the whole very promising. In both cases the prose is better than the verse. Friend No. 1.—The sonnet is pretty, just a trifle vague, and there is no particular reason why it should be a sonnet. The ghost story is fair. It is the raw material, and wants a little cooking, unless meant for a psychical research or folk-lore journal. The "Studies" are distinctly good. They do suggest that they were written "to fill up space" by their being over-fluent at times. There is some repetition. They are not terse. But there is stuff in them, and I have read them with much sympathy. You have a case in No. 4, but I suppose you know you exaggerate it. Scott suggested more of the essence of the Highland character than you allow, though he did not treat it realistically. Stevenson's temperament you are groping after, but have not hit it yet. Nos. 1 and 2 are finely enthusiastic. There was an opportunity for keen discrimination here, which you have missed. You will get on. Stint yourself in words. Friend No. 2.—You use too many conventional phrases in your verse—stanza 7 of No. 1, for instance. No. 2 is faulty in rhythm. The descriptive sketch has the making of something good in it. It is a little spoilt by your evident wish to make it picturesque conflicting with your journalistic duty to make it lively. Avoid such phrases as "representative of the feminine gender" as you would the Evil One.

JOHN WALLACE.—Told with businesslike directness. I fear the mystery would be guessed too soon. To heighten the interest and the horror, you might invent an adventure arising out of your curiosity inciting you to active inquiry in the dark. You might make your hero suffer agony from thinking he had caused the death of the other man. But as it is, you might get it taken by a popular story-paper.

W. M. (N. Z.).—I hope you may have more cheerful inspirations. I don't think this kind of verse gives much comfort.

W. R.—I wish you success, and hope the "literati of great note" will have better manners next time. Writing verse is evidently a pleasure to you, so don't bother about appreciation or a "place in the world of letters." Treat your rhyming as a pastime, and be wise.

W. W. G.—A nice-sounding rhapsody, with some good lines. But the subject wanted a little more thought expended on it.

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THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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[*A highly interesting compilation. It contains a facsimile of the edition of* 1647 *issued for the use of the members of both Houses; also a reprint of the first version so far as it is preserved in the Minutes of the Assembly—this is well worth examination—with a full and careful historical account and a bibliography.*]
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[*See p.* 133.]
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[*See p.* 127.]

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[*See p.* 127.]
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See p. 134.]
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[*See p.* 128.]

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[*See p.* 128.]

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[*See p.* 135.

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[*Compiled from the official minutes of evidence taken during the sittings of the Commission, February to August*, 1897.]

London University Guide and University Correspondence College Calendar, 1897-8 ..... Univ. Cor. Coll. Press

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MACGREGOR, B.—King Long Beard, or Annals of the Golden Dreamland. Illustrated by Charles Robinson, 6/-..... Lane

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3. Westcott, Bishop, Some Aspects of Christianity. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
4. London, Bishop of, Some English Shires. 25s. net. (R.T.S.)
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5. Merriman: In Kedar's Tents.
6. Crockett: Lochinvar.

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2. Caine's Christian.
3. Mrs. Browning's Poems.
4. Crockett's Sir Toady Lion.
5. Stevenson's St. Ives.
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BRADFORD.

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3. Memories of Father Healy of Little Bray. 2s. 6d. (Bentley.)
4. More Tramps Abroad. Mark Twain. 6s. (Chatto.)
5. Life of Cardinal Wiseman. Ward. 2 vols. 24s. (Longmans.)
6. Shall and Will. Monsgr. Molloy. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)

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3. Ruskin's Modern Painters. Cheaper edit. (George Allen.)
4. Mark Twain's More Tramps Abroad. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)
5. Sunday Afternoon Verses. Selected by W. Robertson Nicoll. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
6. Victorian Literature. By Clement Shorter. 2s. 6d. (James Bowden.)

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Chums, vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4, in parts.
Chadwick's Calculator for Numbers, 3rd ed.
Harben's Weight Calculator, 5th ed.

A. THOMAS, 22, SILVER ST., LEICESTER

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Thompson's History of Leicester, 1849.
Muller, Chips from a German Workshop, vol. 4.
Stephen's Book of the Farm, last ed., vol. 6.
Calloway, Nursery Tales of the Zulus.
Genealogist, 1892-7.
Nichol's Illustrations of Literary History, vol. 7, 1858.
Prescott's Philip II., 8vo, vol. 3.

JOHN RUDDOCK, LINCOLN.

Chambers' Journal, June to November, 1897.
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